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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Badboi the Horrible

By William E. Harrison '28

In the days when the wide and limitless expanses of ice and snow of northernmost Siberia were yet untraversed by any but the venturesome heathen in his pagan blindness, there ruled, in the Imperial Palace of the Russian emperors, a czar subsequently to be known to history as Badboi the Horrible. Badboi's ambition was to surpass in cruelty, if possible, all the former bad boys in history. His first act after his coronation had been to banish and declare exiles all of those relatives of his who it might be presumed had as good a claim to the imperial throne as he, who had been only the brother-in-law to the third cousin of the deceased ruler. In order best to effect the security of his position on the throne, he had by divers covert means contrived to banish the most of the royal family to a country whence no traveler returns. But not all. Those remaining princes of the blood who had been so fortunate and sensible as to make their escape, caused him no end of sleepless nights and an interminable reckoning of headless knights that were sent against them. One, openly in rebellion, was a menace, a menace formidable and increasingly powerful. Unless conveniently dispatched, he threatened to acquire great power. Having acquired it, he might overthrow the present regime and constitute himself czar of all the Russias! Horrible thought! And the name

of that annoying rebel was Dhorev, grand duke in his own right and fifth and only surviving son of Badboi's predecessor.

Badboi's feelings on a gloomy March morning were such that the weakest intellect can imagine their nature. He was morose; and when a tyrant, an absolutely despotic tyrant, is morose—he is morose. Not even his jester, a royal institution of whose existence in Western Europe he had learnt from a Savoyard trader, compelled by the requirements of his profession ever to be funny, if not merry, could dispel the gloom from his royal master's countenance. Try as hard as he could, indulge in as many efforts to bring forth a laugh, whatever he did served only to deepen the frown of Majesty. Finally, disgusted, the high and puissant czar kicked his menial in the shins.

"Yvan," he growled at one of the palace lacqueys, "take this fool out and execute him. You may, if you desire, bring back his head."

"I shall do as you order, mighty Majesty," replied the lacquey.

"Mercy! Mercy, in our Lord's name, mercy! Mercy, O most excellent ruler on all the earth!" pleaded the jester.

"Mercy is not in our nature," growled the Horrible. "Yvan, do even as your sovereign orders."

Without more ado, the lacquey dragged the jester out and not many moments thereafter returned with a bloody

head crowned with a cap and bells.

"Now, Yvan, you may summon to us our good general, the Count Odorov. Go as if wings were in your feet. By the way, get another jester for us."

Yvan returned presently, ushering and announcing in a loud voice a massive sort of man, whose breast was profusely decorated with an assortment of unearned medals. His face, taken as a gauge of his character, revealed him as a man given over to brutal excesses and possessed of a cunning usually found only in foxes. This individual drew near the imperial throne.

"Your Majesty sent for me," he ventured, with all the servility of a thoroughly cowed dog.

"Count Odorov, we have been informed through certain channels that the rebel, Grand Duke Dhorev, plans to assemble his entire force on the plain of Odessa and march with them against our capital. Such an intent makes it imperative that we mobilize our army, of whose power on the field we have no doubt, yet prudence constrains us to seek to avoid a pitting of our soldiery against his. Not that we wouldn't win, but—You see, what we are suggesting?"

"Surely, Majesty."

"Then you will not be surprised that we have decided to dispatch an agent to the Duke's camp at Dworsk expressly to remove the Duke. You understand?"

"Assuredly, Majesty."

"Our agent will be ourself, since there is no other man whom we can trust."

"Majesty, not even *me*?" asked the Count in great consternation.

"Not even you. However, that is inconsequential. What do you think of our plan?"

"I am heartily in favor of it," responded the Count, a glint of avarice coming into his eye.

"Thank you. Yvan! Nicholas! Di-

mitri! Feodor! Isidor! Boris!" called the Horrible.

Six tall and stalwart soldiers came and made obeisances to the czar.

"We need not say why we have summoned the 'Sturdy Six,' need we, Count Odorov?"

"Why,—why,—what?"

"Merely that we prefer to keep our secrets personal. Soldiers, arrest the general for—well—high treason and execute him within the hour."

* * * * *

A few days after, a weary pedlar, encrusted with the dust of many roads, entered the town of Dworsk, where the Duke Dhorev had his headquarters, and made his way to the town hostelry. He inquired as he went, now of an ancient crone, now of a carefree tatterdemalion, now of a soldier, in his endeavor to learn how strongly or how weakly intrenched the Duke was in the hearts of those directly under him and of those with whom he and his men came into contact. The Duke's popularity was universal.

This universal popularity enhanced Badboi's envy of the great Duke.

It irked him, preyed upon him, obsessed him. His mind became disordered. He neither ate nor drank nor slept. Nature inevitably had to take her course. In a town of plenty, he suffered from starvation. Eventually the pedlar, who had once worn the ermine, peddled no more.

The princely Duke was surprised to learn that some of his soldiers had found in the gutter of one of the town's streets the emaciated body of a pedlar. He was more surprised that examination had shown the pedlar to be a walking arsenal. He would have been superlatively surprised, had he known that the cause of the pedlar's death had been envy, and that the pedlar had, alive, answered to the name of Badboi the Last, the Horrible, Czar of the Russias.

At Rest

By Lester S. Koritz '29

Three generations of business had done their best to extinguish the old Hull spirit in the family. Josiah Hull's ancestors had probably sailed with Drake and Frobisher, fought with Cromwell, and struck for liberty with Washington. Josiah Hull's great-grandfather, however, was a stolid, hard-headed business man, as was his father. The latter was of the firm opinion that his son was cut out for law, and decided early in the boy's life that he should study for that profession. However, Josiah had his own ideas.

At the age of twelve, the boy took passage on a ship bound for South America as cabin boy. Two years later he returned, rich in experience and knowledge of the sea, only to be severely reprimanded and sent back to school. In six months he had run away again, traveled across North America, and returned at the age of sixteen. His father, completely disgusted, told Josiah to shift for himself and extended to him a cordial invitation to shut the door on his way out. Josiah went.

For fifteen years he knocked about the world in almost every capacity. Hardly an insurrection but saw him actively engaged. He became a well-known insurgent leader in Cuba, and disappeared when the war came to an end. Five years later he turned up in Japan, and reached the rank of lieutenant in the Japanese army. Again, when Russia had been conquered, he was gone. He was a participant in almost every rebellion, every international conflict, that took place in his lifetime.

At the age of thirty-six he returned to America, got married, and decided to settle down. He decided that he was through filibustering.

Three years later he again mysteri-

ously disappeared, leaving his wife and son a small amount of money. An old friend located him, two months later, leading a company of insurgents against a small South American republic. He flatly refused to return.

Years passed. The wife died. The son, Edward, grew to manhood. And in August, 1914, came the news that the Archduke Ferdinand had been murdered. Three years later the United States took up arms.

Josiah Hull had not been heard of for a long period of years. Under different names, he had probably continued his filibustering. It was merely the old Hull spirit, that had impelled his ancestors to deeds of honor, to "*gloria belli*," to chivalry.

* * * * *

Edward Hull awaited impatiently the signal to attack. He was sick of this soldier life. He wanted to return to the States, go into business, and settle down. His peaceful nature rebelled against this life of excitement and slaughter. If this confounded war would only end.

A shrill whistle pierced the morning air. Out of their trenches climbed the doughboys, and the attack was on. Edward advanced slowly. He had no fear. Some vestige of the Hull spirit was left in him.

Suddenly a deafening explosion rent the air. Edward dived for a shell hole, and made himself as small as possible. In about two minutes he arose, to find himself staring at the point of a bayonet. An old man in German uniform was holding it.

"Put up your hands," said the man, in perfect, though peremptory, English. Edward obeyed mechanically.

"What's your name?" were the next words from the old fellow.

"Edward Hull."

The bayonet dropped. The old man was staring at the doughboy.

"Who—what is your father's name, young man?" he asked.

"My father was Josiah Hull. I have not seen him for almost twenty years."

The old man stepped back. Edward, mystified, did not take advantage of his opportunity.

"Boy," the old man cried, "Boy, *I'm your father!*"

This time it was Edward's turn to be astonished. A moment later the two were embracing each other. Five minutes later they were seated on the ground in the shell-hole, conversing. To the eastward, the sounds of battle were still audible.

"It's something in me, son," said the father. "Every time I resolve to settle down, that subconscious self of mine pops up and says, 'Josiah, you're a Hull.' The Hull spirit dominates me. Your grandfather was a man of business. I found it impossible to remain quiet. It's no use. I know that I'll end my days fighting somewhere. It's just in me, and I can't control it. I've given up trying."

"But, dad, I'm not that way. My desire is to get back to America and a peaceful life."

"You're like your grandfather, my boy. It can't be helped. I'm sorry."

They conversed for a long time. And in the end, Josiah Hull promised to return to the United States with his son.

Six months later found them together in Boston. Edward loved the city. Its fine traditions, its atmosphere of peace, its appearance of dignity all combined to make it his ideal com-

munity. And Josiah decided once more to adapt himself to peacefulness in his declining years. He needed a rest, he resolved. It was better to spend his old age among friends and children than to go out and die in some obscure spot with a bullet through his heart.

Five years passed, in placid succession. At last Josiah had found rest. Edward was married, and doing well in business. Josiah had made friends and seemed to have forgotten his past of bloodshed, warfare, and soldiering.

* * * * *

Then on a bright April afternoon Josiah Hull again disappeared. Edward was distracted. Every possible effort was made to locate him. All in vain, however. It dawned upon Edward that his father had once again succumbed to the Hull spirit. It would not be denied. Despondently, he gave up the search.

It was purely a matter of chance that his eye caught a certain article in the evening paper several weeks later. It read as follows:—

INSURGENTS REPELLED IN VENEZUELA

Unidentified rebel's death turns victory into defeat.

May 15, 19—.Caracas. "An attack upon Fort Madras was repelled by the Federal troops today. The rebels were led by an unknown old man, said to be an American, who fell just as the republican troops were about to surrender. Leaderless, the rebels then lost their heads, and a serious defeat was averted. The old man had the initials "J. H.," in his coat, but there was no other means of identification."

Edward put down the paper.

"He's really at rest now," he said.



Catherine the Great

By Peter Harold Kozodoy '28

It is dawn of a summer day. The little Russian Town of Novorodjok, situated close to the Siberian border, is showing signs of awakening. The lusty crowing of the rooster, the patient lowing of cattle, the whistling neigh of the horses are calling the peasants from their beds. As the sun slowly appears above the horizon and majestically rises, seeming to gather grandeur as it mounts higher and higher into the azure voids, dispelling the fast disappearing shades of darkness, slowly turning from silvery burnt orange to a blazing white-hot ball of fire, there comes over one of the many small hills that slope down to the valley in which Novorodjok is situated, out of the beauty of the sylvan glades that surround the village, over the bridge beneath whose dusty planks flows the clear, silent, gliding, ever-running brook, a man who walks slowly, wearily, down the rocky road that winds past the farm-houses. He seems out of place in the midst of the splendor of rural beauty that everywhere greets the eye. Down he slowly comes, unkempt, ragged, bearded, dirty, a dejected specimen of humanity, accompanied only by his dog, which shambles along beside him. "A man," said I? Nay, rather a thing, wandering in mind, broken in spirit, unknown and forgotten, a thing with a story. It—the thing—attired in rags that befit a scare-crow crawls along, creeps along, until it reaches the town-pump in the middle of the square. Like its dog, it laps up water from the trough below, then falls exhausted. Gradually arms and legs assume their natural positions, as when one sleeps. The old nondescript dog slinks over to its master's side, licks his hands and face, then slowly lies down beside him its head resting between its paws.

Within the houses preparations are being completed for breakfast. One by

one the village maidens are coming from their homes bearing huge jugs for water. The first of these to reach the pump starts back in horror, screams, then calls to the others. They rush up to find the cause for her fright. Then, cries of alarm have started the villagers scurrying to the spot. The old man has awakened from his torpor and regards them with blinking, shifting eyes. A burly blacksmith towers threateningly over him. "I meant no harm," the old man says fearfully as the townspeople hurl questions and threats at him. "I am going immediately. I beg nothing save a crust of bread or a kopeck with which to buy some." The blacksmith quiets the hubbub; then turning to the old man he asks, "Who are you?" "I am Nicholas, the 'Madman,' as they would have me"—and he pointed in the direction of a neighboring town—"but they lie. I am not mad. I speak only the truth. Listen, I shall tell you my story.

"Twenty-five years ago, I was a handsome young man. When I reached the required age under the compulsory military law, I joined the army. As you know, Catherine used to make frequent personal inspections of the ranks. On one of these—woe the day!—she questioned my superiors about me. The very next day I was ordered to appear before the Archduke in the Summer Palace.

"I obeyed the command in full dress uniform. I was conducted to a small ante-chamber where stood the duke. I flushed under his careful scrutiny. He spoke curtly, telling me that the empress had taken a fancy to me, and was going to entrust me with an important mission. However, he continued, Her Highness has some doubts as to your ability. You shall be given the same test that all those who are entrusted with like missions must undergo. This test is

taken in the presence of the Queen; be on your best behavior then. With an admonition not to show any emotion at whatever transpired, he bade me follow.

"I followed him closely as he strode down a corridor to its very end. Inserting a key in a door, he led me into a room wholly bare of furnishings. Having closed and locked the door behind us, he turned and pressed a secret spring in the wall. A hidden door swung open revealing a flight of stairs leading down to an underground corridor. I was ordered to follow even more closely as we passed down this, the door closing behind us. At the end of the corridor was another door upon which the duke knocked. This swung open, and we entered.

"I shall never forget what was there. In the center of the room was burning an open fire over which hung a cauldron suspended from a crane. In one corner stood Catherine, magnificently attired, as for a state occasion, a soldier on either side of her. In the opposite corner, clad in a leather apron, stood a man, who held a sort of ladle or spoon in his hand. Beside him was another man who seemed to be a doctor. The former's arms were bared to the elbow. He was laughing and joking with the doctor.

"In the corner opposite us was a man strapped in a chair, bare to the waist. He was breathing hurriedly; otherwise he was calm and unmoved. His eyes were staring at the queen, as if fascinated by her rich dress. Once he cleared his throat, excepting that he did not utter a sound. All these things were impressed on my mind as I entered the chamber.

"The Queen then gave an order in a low voice. The leather-aproned man indicated me and said, 'Is he perfectly safe?' She threw me a glance, then

spoke rapidly to one of her attendants. He drew his sword and took a position beside me. Then she motioned to the Grand Duke. At first they spoke in a very low tone, but gradually their voices rose angrily. I could understand that it had to do with the prisoner. I caught some words as 'unnecessary sacrifice—foolish—good man,—capable, far more capable than this—caught your fancy.' The Queen frowned. Finally she waved the duke aside imperiously and said, 'Continue as ordered.'

"The chair was brought forward near the cauldron. The Arch-duke crossed over to me and said impassively, 'I warn you at this point not to flinch or demonstrate any emotion whatsoever at what will take place. That man over there is a doctor, a very competent and skilled man. The man strapped in the chair is one taken at random from those condemned to Siberia for spreading propaganda. In the cauldron is molten lead. I repeat, remember, you are not to flinch or show emotion at whatever will happen.'

"The doctor had now gone to the side of the condemned man. He held a lancet in one hand. The victim's hands were so strapped to the chair that his palms were facing upward. The doctor looked at the leather-aproned man, who immediately seized a ladle which he dipped into the molten lead and brought up full. Then he said, gruffly, 'Ready.' The doctor—I remember it as if it were yesterday—suddenly reached down and cut a vein on the man's wrist. Immediately the other stepped forward and poured the molten lead into the vein of the unfortunate prisoner. One scream, and then—silence. Again the process was repeated, this time on the other wrist. My brain was reeling, I was in a daze. I cried out, 'Stop! Stop! I say!' The

doctor turned to the Queen. She threw me a glance, and calmly said, 'Proceed.' Again the doctor used his lancet, this time at the elbow. I could endure no more; the miserable wretch on the chair could no longer withstand the pain; he could not faint; he uttered scream after scream; the blood dyed the floor; yet the grim men continued in their gruesome task. I pulled out my pistol to put the prisoner out of misery; the soldier beside me struck it up with his sword. Then I knew no more.

"I awoke in the ante-chamber where I first saw the Arch-duke. He was there in the selfsame position in which I had first perceived him. He told me that I had been discharged from the army, that I was free to wander whithersoever I wished; but, he continued, if I ever told what I had seen, I myself would undergo the same treatment that I had witnessed. I went, a broken man. My hair turned white within a month. I finally acquired the title of 'Nicholas the Madman'. I am reduced to poverty. I have never sought out my pa-

rents. Catherine's death has loosed my tongue. I am free to tell the story now and shall always tell it while I can."

The old man has risen. His rags blown hither and thither by the wind present a sorry contrast to his flashing eye. A Cossack rides down the hill into the midst of the crowd. "What do ye here, ye idlers?" he cries. "Disperse, and as for you, old wretch, be gone!"

The crowd melts away as if by magic. The old man turns this way and that, as if asking for a morsel of food. He picks up his staff, calls his dog, and slowly passes through the village. Down the road he passes, unkempt, ragged, bearded, dirty, a dejected specimen of humanity, accompanied only by his dog, which shambles along beside him. Down the road he goes, growing smaller and smaller in the distance. He comes to the turn and passes from sight. The villagers have again turned to their daily work, unmoved, untouched. The Cossack, dismounting at the inn door, has entered for his breakfast.

Of Pride

By H. L. Hinckley '30

It has been said that most vices are only distorted virtues. We believe it.

Pride was looked upon by that somber, serious race which founded America as one of the most odious of sins. They hated color; they disliked society; yet they were undoubtedly as happy as we are. Happiness depends upon the point of view.

In our times, so far removed from those of the Puritans, pride is taken for granted, and only when a useless person popularly called a reformer cries out at the vanity of mortals do we think of it. It appears that self-respect, pride, complacency, arrogance, vanity, and con-

ceit are all different brands of the same article. cursory consideration, however, would lead us to the conclusion that there is a better way of classifying pride, namely, according to what inspires it.

One sort of pride is self-love. There is a difference between self-love and self-satisfaction. With the latter comes a complete suspense of all ambition. He who is self-satisfied considers himself in advance of his fellows. He is content with his position in life, his finances, his state of mental development, his future. We will not venture to judge him.

Self-love is certainly more excusable

for those who have a suitable person upon which to lavish it. For those who have not, it is conceit; for those who have, it is something else, which jealous humanity has never specifically named. It is certainly not sinful for some pitiable ne'er-do-well to prate and blame others for his failures—only annoying. It is far less so for the athlete to be proud of the strength that can breast the strongest wave and the lungs that can sustain him for miles, for the artist to thrill to the divine genius that can create his heavens on canvas, for the musician to consider fondly the facility that can draw living fire from dead strings, for the actor or actress to admire the figure that delights numberless audiences. That sort of pride is but appreciation of the gifts one is so fortunate as to have. We begrudge it to no one. We believe, however, that one should not pester others with his own praises. The best form of modesty is not to "call down" oneself, which is almost as detestable, but to be silent and let works show the worth that words too often declare.

The next form, in rational order, is pride of family, which seems to be going out of style. Family pride and class pride have been stumbling-blocks in the development of humanity. It is usually found where love is supposed to be. Pride in ancestors is antiquated, and well it might be; the oldest and grandest families of Europe have sunk in disgrace and failure, and some of the "best blood" of England and America is now so weak as to be unable to support itself. This vast modern age, such as it is, was created by the bourgeois; the brightest comets of to-day's firmament are of the common people. For the first time, laborers are the controlling

force of social destiny. Classification by money has succeeded classification by birth, and surely the new order is fairer. Pride of class has caused some of the most corrupt governments of history to disgrace forever the name of oligarchy. Such a sentiment will soon die out, if the result of assimilating the many nationalities which are so surely losing their native character in our great "melting-pot" be any correct evidence.

This remark brings us to national pride, which is closely related to patriotism. We of America do not have enough of it. Foreigners find so much to be proud of! And Americans look on and admire with them. "Yes, Count, you are right; America has no culture—we are not civilized"! Yet some there are who are grateful to Fate for the brilliant destiny of their nation. When you go to a ball game, and see comfort, extravagance, and plenty on every side, the elegant clothes and complete luxury of America's pampered children, remember the impoverished thousands begging in Europe and the ragged millions looting in Asia. When admiring the crumbling ruins of "has-been" empires and the dusty spires of departed races, remember the Metropolitan theater, the Washington Monument, and other supreme examples of the modern arts. Let us be "not so fond" as to think any European masterpieces more to be prized than Sargent's decoration of the Museum of Fine Arts, or that the groupings of Socrates and Plato are more valuable than the teachings of the best of our modern authors.

We have the greatest empire of all, the climax of the world's existence. Pride may be worldly and vain, but not wicked. It is within us, there we have it, and—what can you do about it?



Mangle

S. W. Manning

I hated my uncle! Oh! How I hated him. I despised him so that I would gladly have killed him, but I had not the nerve to do such a fearful thing. Once I attempted it in the dead of night but I became terribly afraid and returned to my room covered with perspiration. Thenceforth I had no peace. The sight of him in day time nearly drove me crazy. At night he haunted my dreams. I tried to avoid him, but it was impossible.

My hatred for my uncle did not descend on me suddenly. It had come by degrees. From the very day that my dying father had entrusted me to his care, I had feared him. I was only a little fellow then, yet I distinctly remember having hid my face in my mother's skirt when for the first time I had looked into the cold, cruel grey eyes and had beheld the hooked nose of my relative. I had disliked him on the spot. That dislike had turned to hate when he had mocked and jeered at me because I had cried at my father's death. He had taken me to his home. That night he had said to me, his cold eyes gleaming with malice, "Bertram, boy, have you ever done hard work before?"

"No, Sir," I had replied.

"Well," he had croaked with a sneer, "you are going to learn—very fast, too. No loafers are allowed where I am. When I was a boy I had to slave for my living. You will have to do the same."

And how I had to work! Morning, noon, and night—work. I did all the menial labor both in and out of the house. I never played with the other boys of the village. No, there was no time for that. My uncle saw to that. He did not wish me to grow up a lazy good-for-nothing.

The ordinary boy gets praise of some sort for whatever work he does, but I got blows and knocks for my work. I was cursed, bruised, and battered. I was sent to bed with kicks and aroused by kicks.

In time I became hardened to all these outrages. The most vicious kick or the most brutal blow made no impression on me. I became dull and heavy of spirit. Time meant nothing to me. Days ran on and on. Season succeeded season. My uncle grew more cruel—if that was possible. He raged and stormed and cursed, but always he finished with a barrage of blows from the heavy walking stick that he always carried with him. Yet the frequent beatings made no impression on me. I resigned myself to my fate, ever hoping and praying for a chance to revenge myself.

About this time my uncle began to find more unnecessary work for me to do. I complained. He struck at me. I evaded the blow and we grappled. He beat me brutally over the head with his heavy stick. I dropped to the floor.

It was dark when I opened my eyes. At first I remembered nothing, but gradually things began to take a semblance of order in my hazy and benumbed mind. My head was in a whirl. Over my temple was a terrible lump which ached fiercely. I groaned inwardly and prayed—the first time since living with my uncle—to grant me life long enough to avenge myself on that inhuman brute.

A month afterwards my uncle came into possession of a huge sum of money. How he came by it I do not know, for my uncle was not in the habit of confiding in me. However, he became immensely wealthy. He kept in the house that part of the fortune which

was in cash. Money became his god. He worshiped it. Days and nights found him in his "den"—a dark, dreary room behind his own bedroom, to which he possessed the only key—counting and recounting his wealth. In a short time his fame as a miser spread around the countryside.

One day he spoke to me in his usual harsh voice, "Bertram, boy"—he always addressed me that way—"I don't think my money is safe here. I'm getting new locks put on all the doors. I'm also buying a nice little pet to keep you company."

With that he strode out of the house.

As my uncle had never in his life done anything worth while for me, I was curious and anxious to see this pet which was to keep me company. My curiosity was soon satisfied for my uncle returned shortly carrying a large basket under his arm.

"Here," he said, "is your pet and my guard to be."

He opened the basket and out hopped a—large sized tiger cub.

My face must have betrayed my feelings of despair and discomfiture for my uncle laughed. He always laughed when I was discomfited.

"A fine pet it'll make when it grows up, eh?" and he went out laughing.

My hatred for my uncle was not at all diminished by that little episode. He had deliberately thrown oil upon an already roaring fire. I plotted and planned revenge but always failed from lack of nerve.

A year passed. My uncle spent most of his time with his money. Two months before, he had put in food and supplies and locked the doors and kept the key. Since then nobody went out or came in. We were prisoners by his own act. Mangle (that was the name my uncle had given the tiger cub) was grown up. I was very much afraid

of him, although I didn't show it. He followed me around like a dog.

When the provisions gave out, I told my uncle about it. He cried out in a sudden burst of anger, "You are always thinking of your belly. You'll have to go without."

He threw the door key out of the window.

We were prisoners for life.

Hunger is an awful thing. It drives one mad. I suffered with as brave a front as I could muster. Mangle walked around sniffing at everything. I was afraid that he would forget that he was tame. My uncle didn't seem to worry.

One night, mad with hunger, I determined to kill the man who had imprisoned me and himself with a hungry tiger. There was to be no turning back this time. I snatched a knife from a nearby table and tip-toed to my uncle's room. I expected to find him asleep. Opening the door softly, I peered in. The room was empty. I saw the light of a candle in the "den" and I knew that my uncle was counting his money. I tip-toed across the bedroom and stealthily opened the heavy portieres which divided the two rooms. My uncle was so busy counting that he was not aware of my presence. Mangle was standing behind him, a hungry look on his face.

I prepared myself to leap at my uncle. I stopped. I shuddered at the thought of killing him in cold blood. No matter what he had done he was still my kin. I should not. I must not.

Looking into the "den" again, I saw Mangle licking my uncle's hand. Uncle was still counting money.

I grasped the knife firmly by the handle. I decided to wait no longer. I placed one foot forward when—

A scream rent the air. I opened wide the portieres. Mangle had struck my uncle down.

"O Bertram! Bertram!" screamed the man.

I steeled myself against his heart-rending screams.

The man emitted a piteous wail that would have melted a heart of stone. With the knife uplifted I rushed into the room. Mangle turned to meet my charge. The tiger, not being possessed of the dexterity and swiftness of his wild ancestors, turned too late. I plunged the knife into his heart.

I sprang to the assistance of my uncle. The blood gushed from a wound in his

shoulder. I tore my shirt and banded it. His eyes were bulging with fear. I tried my best to soothe him.

Gradually he became his natural self. He looked at me with the same old cruel gray eyes. Then taking his walking stick he showered me with blows.

"Why didn't you hurry when I called," he shouted. "Mangle almost killed me."

Then his voice suddenly softened. He drew a key from his pocket.

"Here is the door key," he coughed. It was a fake one that I threw away.



Indecision

By Arnold Isenberg '28

My spirit wavers, weak, irresolute,
Between two fascinating voyages:
Whether to float upon a wispy raft
Adown the gentle, stream of time,
Plucking a lily here and here a reed
Of paling yellow from the pebbly bed,
And then be borne half dreamily and
sweet

Into a vast, fog-bound, indefinite sea—
Or else to plunge, unhampered, unre-
strained,

After a dear, elusive passion down
Into the troubled surface of a swift
Unheeding torrent, and to breast
With never-ceasing courage the mad
stream,

At length to grasp a bosomful of sweet-
ness,

To sink with it down deep, so very deep
Two voyages. . . . meanwhile I eat and
drink.

Riding Pegasus

Being the Confession of One Who Invoked the Muse

By George Frazier '28

When I was but seven years of age I conceived the startlingly original idea that I would eventually develop into one of the world's greatest bards. I had been poring over some of the exquisite passages in Milton's "Paradise Lost." Then and there I determined to begin writing poetry. Poets of any attainment, however meagre, I had read, demanded solitude. Somehow a poet can't get into the spirit of the thing unless he shuts out the world with all its distractions. Accordingly, after fifteen minutes of rambling throughout my house, I found a secluded room, where, in the quiet of a summer afternoon, I might in truly aesthetic fashion invoke the Muse.

Looking back over the years, and considering my first effort (called for no good reason "Expulsion From Paradise") I realize how lamentable it was. In retrospect the bitterness of it all dawns upon me. What I had intended for a lyric in the Miltonian vein proved to be the most asinine doggerel ever penned this side of Paradise.

As time went on my petty efforts showed no brilliance of style, no ethereal and noble thoughts, no divine philosophy, no loveliness of description. In short, they showed nothing save that as a poet I was a miserable failure. I had not, it seems, been endowed with the startling virtuosity which would cause the world to forget that Milton had lived. Mine was not the poetical genius which might admit me to that immortal brotherhood of Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Virgil, Burns, Keats, and the rest. My failure had aroused in me a thorough contempt for all things poetical. In hearty,

scathing derision I thumbed my nose at the very name of any bard.

Upon attaining twelve years I came into possession of a volume of Carl Sandburg's ingenuous and sometimes meretricious productions in free verse. Again I worked the Muse—even more lustily than before. I resolved to cultivate the true "Sandburgian" vein. I didn't strive to draw pretty pictures with my pen; I sought realism, the sordid, brutal realism that life is made of. My "poems" (if they could be so called) were, for the most part, meaningless. Shades of Gertrude Stein! All good poetry, I had been told, was meaningless. I forbear to quote from one of my "poems" in "vers libre:"

"Chicago gunmen slay the cops.

Who cares?

Pock-marked truck men fight with greasy butchers.

Who cares?

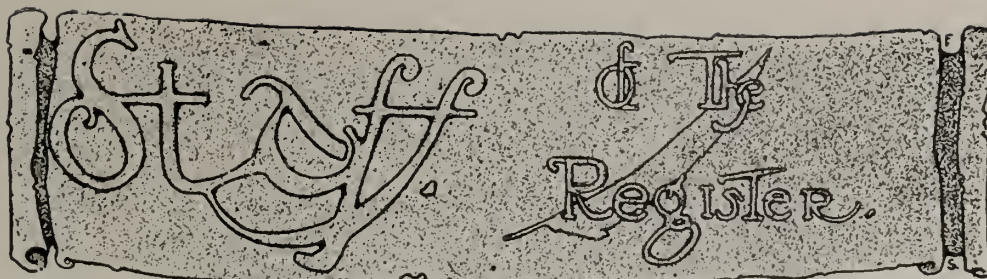
No one cares!

Mammy, I want ma' mammy."

I defy anyone to find a grain of sense in the above lines. Have I not at last attained real art? Doubtless you are at a loss to establish any logical connection between Chicago gunmen, pock-marked truckmen, and mammy—to be frank, so am I.

Riding Pegasus had been a rough task for me, but at last I had succeeded. Life was no longer a bitter heart-rending struggle—it had become a "primrose path," without any "everlasting bonfire" at its finish. It had been transmogrified into a Utopia, a Republic, a New Atlantis.

Won't you let me quote further from my "poetry"?—but wait! Perhaps you're trying to wax metrical yourself.



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THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The Latin School was not neglected by the distinguished educators who visited this city from all parts of the country during the week of February 28; but it is doubtful whether they were sufficiently in evidence to convey to Latin School boys any idea of the aims and purposes of the organization whose convention brought them here.

The National Education Association is a great organization, the greatness of which lies in the sub-organizations which it comprises. Contrary to the popular belief, the annual convention is not a mammoth gathering of all members of the main body into one huge hall, but the assembling of the individual groups for the purpose of exchange of ideas among themselves. Thus, the Vocational Guidance Association, the Association of High School Principals, the Board of Superintendents, together with the various college and primary school associations, have their own meetings in their own halls while participating in the general activities of the N. E. A. as a whole.

Nor are these meetings held primarily for the material gain of hotel owners or the conferring of individual honors, but for the mutual interchange of viewpoints and doctrines, information and ideas concerning the most important American industry, education. At a single meeting of the Association of High School Principals, for example, lectures upon the condition of education in Russia and India were delivered. It is by this presentation of educational movements and problems the world over that the dissemination of fruitful ideas is effected. Undoubtedly this representative group carried away a definite appreciation of the educational situation in those far countries.

Little of a permanent nature can be accomplished in a four days convention,

but as clearing-houses for opinions these annual meetings are useful. Most fitting, at any rate, was the generous welcome accorded the National Education Association by the City of Boston.

* * * * *

FROM THE "GROTONIAN"

The day Thomas Hardy died, the Boston *Herald* printed screaming black headlines conveying the information that Ruth had been granted an extra day. The liberal New York *World*, the staid New York *Times*, both had front page stories about Ruth and Judd, but the New York *Herald Tribune* was the only newspaper we read, besides the Boston *Transcript*, that had a photograph of Thomas Hardy and an account of his death on the front page. The other papers called him the peer of Victorian novelists, but they said it on the fifth or sixth page; Mrs. Snyder had right of way.

When Rudolph Valentino died he, too, was given the most conspicuous place possible; the death of President Eliot of Harvard on the same day was compressed into a paragraph on the front page or a full column obituary notice on the fourth, fifth, or sixth page.

We the venerable editors, tugging at our white beards, hoary with the frost of age, merely wish to raise a futile yap of protest against newspaper injustice.

"But thus goes the World," he said.

* * * * *

WHITHER THE SCHOOL PAPER?

Reprinted above is an editorial from the *Grotonian*, published by the students of Groton School. We publish this editorial in accordance with our intention, expressed in the first number of this year, of giving the Latin School student body the benefit of the worthiest editorial opinion of other school papers. The curious feature of the matter is that this is the first editorial we have considered of sufficient significance to our student body to warrant reprinting. And what is the distinguishing mark of this Grotonian editorial? It is logical and true, but it probably would be admitted by its author to be no more penetrating than the thoughts on the subject of even the most casual of intelligent observers. It is not a great piece of literature, *but its writer dares to recognize the existence of a world outside the classroom, dares to consider that his opinion on a serious subject is not entirely worthless, dares to believe that his readers will be able to appreciate something besides obvious trash, obvious insincerity.*

If there is anything irritating in the attitude of the American youth in general it is his deliberate conviction that he is *supposed* to be inane, that he is *expected* to have not a thought in the world, that his thoughtlessness will be not only overlooked but lauded, that he must make up for his future years of serious work by being as foolish as possible in his golden youth. This insufferable attitude is the result of adult irresponsibility, the usual cause of juvenile deficiency. He reads article after article in defense of modern youth. It is little wonder that he becomes obsessed with the idea that to be irresponsible is to be virtuous.

Three or four high school lads of sixteen or seventeen were "whooping it up" on an electric car, to the discomfort of the other passengers. A gentleman ventured to reproach them. "Aw, I bet you was a kid once yourself," said one of the ruffians. "We gotta have some fun. D'ya think we're gonna be like parsons?"

It is remarkable how the school paper has become the chief vehicle for the dissemination of this conscious, directed silliness. The department in which this attitude is most strongly felt is, naturally, the editorial. Of the scores of editorials

we have reviewed not more than four or five have dealt with temporal affairs outside the school. This lack of connection with world affairs is based on the naive belief that not until graduation do children become citizens of the world, a belief which might be excused were there the mitigating circumstance that these editors are in any way interested in the subject which directly concerns them, education. But never in any of our exchanges have we found even the briefest discussion of the curriculum, of educational problems, or of educational programs; anything but the desirability of studying.

Let me set down a few words of which I guarantee that some will be found as the titles of the greater number of all school-paper editorials year in and year out:

Autumn, winter, spring, October, January, March, April, May, June, support the team, the value of athletics, graduation, William Shakespeare, the pen is mightier than the sword, another month has passed, back to school again, honesty is indeed the best policy, study, patience, perseverance, patriotism, concentration, how about some school spirit.

This may be considered a fairly representative list. And it is not the subjects that are objectionable, but the obvious insincerity of their treatment. One can picture the editor sitting down at his desk with the determination that now he is going to write an editorial. He (or she) quickly catalogues the abstract virtues, the seasons of the year, the great men who have been dead not less than a century, and picks the most likely of the assortment. In the event of failure to be inspired by any of these subjects there is always "school spirit" to fall back upon. The result is a sickly, unimaginative exposition or a blatant, bombastic pronouncement. Good heavens! Is there no question of the day that has aroused the editor's vital interest, no feature of the student body's conduct and attitude aside from support of this and support of that, no phase of educational progress, no colorful figure in contemporary art, science, or politics to be utilized as the theme of a vibrant personal message? Are the brains of our physically vigorous young people totally buried in the dust and fragments of an impersonal, unoriginal past?

Into the "literary" sections of these journals has gone the same spirit. Here we are, of course, faced with a more complex problem. Secondary school students are admittedly not masters of English verse or prose. Even slight promise should at times be encouraged by publication. There are the interests and desires of the entire student body to consider; appeal to the younger pupils may excuse poverty of thought and unoriginality of presentation—infrequently. But the deliberate discouragement of efforts to rise above the trivial incidents of the classroom and the athletic field, is excusable on no account. Without exaggeration it may be said that the typical page of the typical school paper has the following items: two anecdotes labelled "stories," a poem on "June," a joke or two, and either a series headed "We wonder what would happen if—," or a number of personals such as, "It is rumored around S. H. S. that Bob W— is sweet on L— S—. How about it, Bob?"

It is inconceivable that at least a few students in each school cannot produce something more than gibberish. They can. But the requirement for contributions of fiction to one of our contemporaries is that the chief characters in the story must not be over seventeen. Draw your own conclusions.

No great literature, no outstanding contributions to contemporary thoughts are produced by the few school editors who dare to take themselves and their readers seriously. Indeed, their work often reveals a conscious effort to imitate the style of a literary celebrity, a pseudo-sophistication, a sense of gravity which is

laughably incongruous, even an amazing simplicity and unfamiliarity with the subjects so confidently treated. One frequent contributor to the *Register*, for example, fancies himself a spiritual communicant with the men of letters of all ages who have been remarkable for a smart satirical style; he delights in imitating and in writing about such lights as Cellini, Boccaccio, Swift, Balzac, Shaw, and Mencken. Another considers that upon him has fallen the obligation of maintaining the pristine glories of the English language and of perpetuating the tradition of Gibbon, Lamb, De Quincey, and Macaulay. A third militant editor has an idea that the weightiest problems of heaven and earth are waiting to be solved by him and considers himself fully equal to the task. A fourth believes that there is nothing so delightful as the keen, reserved style exemplified in his own productions, while still a fifth reserves for himself the prerogative of treating with humorous contempt the most profound creations of God and man. They possess the common characteristic of desiring to exhibit the last bit of knowledge they possess. But none can be accused of deliberate insincerity. None has ever written upon a subject which was not of vital interest to him. None has adopted the maddening assumption that it is not fitting for him to hold opinions, that his readers care only for trash and nonsense. From these experiments in style, from these juvenile attempts at reforming the world, from this glib philosophizing may eventually arise something of more than ephemeral value, something permanent. I sincerely believe that here is promise. *There* is nothing but sound and fury.

It all rests upon the fundamental principle that the difference between man and child is in degree and not in kind. One does not live a carefree pagan and then become a responsible adult at the age of twenty-one; it is a gradual development. The thoughts of youth are as serious as those of age, though not so well connected.

A decent, wholesome, vigorous self-respect is the formula for a school press which need not be ashamed of its aims.

* * * * *

NOTES ON SLOT MECHANICS

W. J. Callahan '30

I have been rather interested lately in the study of human nature conducted by the "El." The apparatus used is especially charming. I refer to the tricky little turnstiles installed in all the stations. I get a tremendous amount of amusement from the reactions of their patrons to them. I remember particularly a chap, great in avoirdupois, who discovered to his consternation that he could not squeeze thru! This too after he had parted with his dime. Horrors! A moment's thought solved the problem. He dropped to his hands and knees and puffily tried to crawl under. Victory was only a foot ahead when some enterprising official spied him. Up he dashed and attached himself firmly to the weighty person's coat-tails. He hauled lustily in the interest of law and order and eventually dragged the culprit out. For a moment it seemed as if murder would be done. The victim of the tragedy appeared to be about to cry, with rage. Finally they settled the matter. The weighty one stepped haughtily onto the car-track and waddled in to the station as majestically as a Harvard-Dudley car.

There was another case worthy of mention. Two parsimonious gentlemen endeavored to squeeze by on the same dime. The affair was a dismal failure. They jammed half way thru'; stuck as tightly as a cork in a bottle.

Some customers, however, are much more efficient. I once saw about a dozen little hoodlums swarm wildly from a car, scuttle madly under the stiles and vanish down stairways with almost military precision.

Then too there are the people (accustomed no doubt, to dime-fed pianos) who hopefully drop in a dime and stand back to await results. As yet no noteworthy ones have been reported.

Nevertheless the Elevated Company has the right idea. They are keeping up with the march of progress—in a street car. More and more of our institutions have hidden themselves behind slots coyly labelled, "Drop in a nickel; won't you, 'Old Socks'?" By merely consigning coins to yawning holes we moderns can produce an astounding variety of effects. They range from the delivery of a piece of gum or handful of peanuts to a miniature foot-ball game or a movie—usually scandalous. I expect in some future period to see the convenient idea carried to its logical conclusion. We have had a Stone Age, a Bronze Age, an Iron Age and a Jazz Age. Why not a "Slot Machine Age?" Jolly good scheme don't you think?

* * * * *

Alumni Notes

'79.

Percival J. Eaton, now residing in Provincetown, Mass., has been appointed a member of the Committee on Service at Harvard University.

Dr. Samuel S. Drury, headmaster of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., was the principal speaker at the recent dinner of the Boston Yale Club at the Hotel Statler.

'81.

Henry M. Williams, L. L. B., has been elected a director of the Consolidated Stock and Debenture Co. of New York.

'89.

Patrick T. Campbell of Boston was appointed chairman of the Harvard Committee on Schools.

'93

Samuel Robinson was present at a luncheon given in honor of Prof. George H. Edgell by the Harvard Club of Santa Barbara.

'94.

We regret to announce the death of Frank Buzzel Newton, who, for many years, had practised law in Boston. He died at his home in Milton, January 11, 1928. The deceased is survived by his wife and five children.

'94.

Philip S. Dalton has been chosen one of the directors of the corporation of the Robert B. Brigham Hospital, Boston.

'95.

Hugh D. Montgomery has become a partner in W. O. Gay and Co; note broker of New York City and Boston. He is now with the New York office. Formerly he was with Curtis and Sanger, of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges.

'98.

In the annual report of President Lowell of Harvard is mentioned the appointment of Warren Abner Seavey as Professor of Law. Mr. Seavey was formerly Professor of Law at Indiana University.

'00

P. C. Staples of Bell Telephone Company and of the Harvard Club of Philadelphia is now a member of the Committee on Publicity at Harvard.

'03.

Alfred R. McIntyre, president of Little Brown and Co., publishers in Boston, has been elected vice-president of the National Association of Book Publishers.

'04.

Edwin T. Witherby's address is care of Waterman, Currier and Co., 78 Chauncey St., Boston.

'05.

Dexter Perkins, Ph., D., professor of History at the University of Rochester, is the author of an article entitled "'Big Bill' and the History Books."

The Nightmare

By H. L. Hinckley

Douglas furnished the strength and daring, Freddie the brains, and William the deviltry; so the expedition to Mexico could not have been entirely uninteresting. Indeed, William, with his ten years of variously accumulated experiences, was in a way indispensable to his twenty-year-old companions. They were well equipped, having a small launch, a year's savings, and a natural curiosity. An article entitled "Below the Rio Grande," in the National Geographic Magazine had been the cause of their determining to spend a summer in Mexico.

We discover them, their launch left in care of a neighboring sheriff, leisurely traversing the sunny shore of southern Texas toward the mouth of the Rio Grande. That reached, they turn inland. At the first opportunity they cross the stream and enter an old road leading into the Mexican forest.

"Doug, this road must have been out of repair when Cortez hung his first Indian. Come back here, William! Get our map and see where it goes. William! What's your hurry? I wonder if anybody lives near here. Nothing but forest on the map. WILLLYUM!!"

William had been walking on ahead, intensely interested in everything he could discover to look at. From his investigation of Mexico in his town library before he left home, it is likely he was able to reconstruct some scenes which this mysterious-looking valley had witnessed, and which it were better to make more coherent than they were in his mind.

Deaf to the din of Babel, immune from the visit of Phoenicia's wily wolves, this smiling, richly stored, untouched forest once gladdened the hearts of a race as mysterious as itself. That race spread from that garden to the fastnesses

of Patagonia and the glaciers of Alaska. Canyons never before trodden by man began to echo, from age to age, the passing of Toltecs, Mayas, and Aztecs, to witness the heavy carts of temple builders, the straw-clad ranks of Montezuma's legions, the galloping by of Cortez and his conquistadors, the ephemeral glory of Emperor Augustin, the tragic glory of Maximilian, the raids of Villa.

All these people were gamboling about William as his eyes searched here and there for some new wonder. He soon found it.

He at once dumped his pack at the roadside, jumped down into a swampy depression, and picked up an old bronze ring. He put it on one finger and then another, and finally on his thumb.

"Where did you get that?"

Douglas and Fred slipped down the bank, and while one was examining the ring the other espied an armlet. He put it on his arm.

"See the queer sign!" cried Doug. "On the ring and your armlet too. Looks like the diagram of a radio."

At that moment a weird howl broke upon the air. Looking up, they heard a great crashing of bushes, a prolonged rustle—stillness. Startled, they looked at each other in silence. Then they looked up to the trail that they had just left. Their packs were gone.

"Now we've done it! Let's get back quick! A Mexican—an Indian—stole them? This is where they were. Look at the dirt—where were they? There aren't any tracks! They've gone *somewhere*. The trees—Here! That path down beyond the swamp—I hear them."

Fred led the way down the path. Douglas followed with the first big club he found. William experimented quietly

on various means to keep his teeth from rattling. Swiftly they passed over the rocky ground—swiftly, ever swiftly, fierce eyes followed them. They cast their eyes around and spoke in whispers. A something seized the trees and bushes—they shook as in a fierce gust of wind. Stealthy footfalls sounded about them. A lonely drum beat slowly at a distance. Its message was caught up by other drums and a rum-tum-tum beat softly in a sinister minor tone. Douglas, his glance ever flitting here and there, found a curio for himself. It was a hideous little stone statue, an idol with a leering grin, beneath a coffee bush.

The drums! Now near, now far,—now long, now short—sinister—beckoning luring—rum-tum-tum—the evil, the torturing cruelty of all the demons that punish man—dogging our trail—grew-some—awful—fateful—calling us—thirsting for blood—r-r-rum—r-r-r . . . the drums!

“It’s getting dark. Do we—do you know the way back? There is no path here . . . no use going back anyway. I’m tired—and hungry. Wait, I’ll climb this big ledge and see where we are.”

Douglas mounted the ledge. Across a deep gorge of gloomy wilderness he saw a high mountain. In its side was the yawning mouth of a cavern, its ruddy throat showing signs of a fire within. Their packs, suspended on a crude rope, were disappearing into the cave. He sprang down from the rock in vexation.

“They’ve taken our packs and hidden them in a cave 132-miles from here,” he snarled. “It’s about dark now; we might as well stay here for the night.”

After a supper on such nuts and berries as they could find, they lay down on the ledge and spread over them the two blankets which had not been stolen. Fred and William fell asleep without any preliminary cogitations. Douglas

lay gazing at the few stars in the inky southern sky. The heavens seemed to be growing blacker. Terror lurked in the smothering darkness. The little idol sat near, on its low platform. It grew to be a lofty image, its head under a tall cypress. That face brooded over the scene, surrounded by a ghostly light, with a smile of implacable cruelty. The seated figure of a man, it was yet not human. In its outstretched hand was a gleaming jewel, the frightful bounty of wickedness and terror in untold ages. It was enthroned in the middle of an ancient square. Swaying crowds of fearful people flung themselves before its leering gaze. The blood of fear-crazed victims ran in rivers over its lap to polluted earth . . .

The place was deserted. The hideous idol still sat as it had for uncounted centuries. The stones crumbled beneath it; writhing serpents dwelt in its decayed pedestal. From among these crawling horrors leaped a many-legged creature with staring eyes. The scene faded, the idol shrank to its real size—but the creature remained. Douglas, now thoroughly awake, blinked his eyes. Yes—a giant tarantula was eyeing—not him; without a sound he turned slightly and saw an Indian crouching down, reaching eagerly for the idol.

At that moment the giant spider ran toward the Indian. He sprang back with a yell of fright which brought the surrounding woods to life. A score of enraged men leaped to his side. At once they surrounded their aroused victims. Disappointment spread over their faces. In the moonlight they could see the stone idol in Douglas’s arms, the armlet below Fred’s sleeve, the ring on William’s thumb.

“See what a dirty look they’re giving us! What shall we do? Which way . . . I know! They’re afraid of us while we have these things.”

They soon found out whether he was right. When he shifted the idol about there was a menacing movement among their captors. The thing became heavy on his arm, but he must not set it down. To the awed Indians, these objects made their wearers inviolable. Their sacredness prevented any notion of violence.

At dawn a dull glow began to permeate the rustling woods. The gilded east sent sparkling chromatics playing about overhanging banks of leaves. Sprays of light fell upon the Indians and their prey, who scarcely heeded the beauty of the mountain morning. They were now toiling up the mountain to the cave, which had become their destination, the Indians close at their heels. Black smoke was rising from the summit.

"This volcano is up to something, Fred; well, we're going to get our packs before we leave here, if it is a possible thing."

All entered the cave reluctantly. A corridor lined with ancient carvings led to a narrow flight of steps going down into the depths of the mountain. They went silently down the steps, and in a moment entered a dim hall. Before them was a flat-topped pyramid, its top just large enough for the little idol; it was empty. At the farther end of the room lay their packs.

Before they could advance further, a sudden roar broke forth, followed by a deafening explosion. In front of them was a crevasse two feet wide, and from this rose a flood of steam. A steady subdued thunder began. With a sudden lurch packs, altar, and floor gave way and sank with a crash out of sight. Into their place rushed a geyser of seething water. The ceiling dropped piece by

piece into the bubbling pool. Poisonous gases escaped through deep fissures in the walls. Only the retreat to the stairs was left.

The Indians, seeing their idol still in Douglas's arms, looked at him in rage as the cause of this. The idol was shaken out of his arms and rolled into the boiling bottomless pit. At once the Indians advanced upon him; at once Fred saw the danger. His hand flew to his armlet. He hesitated one tempting moment; then he pulled it off and, springing forward, grasped Douglas's wrist and jammed it through.

Their enemies recoiled in blank surprise at this astounding movement. They did not reason that Douglas was now armed with the armlet; they only saw that Fred no longer had it. Their hate flamed up again. They seized Fred and bore him back to the edge of the abyss. The intruding gas weakened him and he became limp.

Douglas saw a chance. Kicking aside the scrambling Indians' legs he took hold of Fred's ankles and raised the boy up over his back. In a flash he ran to the stairs. As he did so he saw a fresh upheaval overtake the pursuing Indians. They were thrown back into the fiery lake, to follow the god of their ancestors.

Douglas and William staggered up the swaying steps and into the open air. Fred was lowered to the ground and arose badly frightened but not hurt.

"O Fred! Are you—all right—are you? I—I'm grateful for—for what you did I—I—you—"

Fred scowled; Fred laughed; "Forget it."

Arm in arm they strode down the mountain, while William cast about for more curios.



School Notes



The Fifth Public Declamation and last, with the exception of that glamorous Prize Day, which is to occur in June, took place on Friday, March 2, in the Assembly Hall. The lower classes were in attendance. Nearly all of the old "stand-bys" such as "The Blue and The Gray," "Toussaint L'Ouverture," "The Haywood Trial," and "Spartacus to the Gladiators" were recited. In fact the gladiators seemed to carry the day for there were no less than four selections about them, one of these condemned them in no uncertain terms, one told of their marvelous exploits, another praised them to the sky and still another addressed them in a fine manner. For the first time in many moons, humor was attempted and was very well done. The boys who dared not even snicker during the long, serious pieces, laughed to their hearts' content at the only humorous piece on the program.

Two selections from Hugo were both well done. This writer seems to be a great favorite with the declaimers. "The Dukite Snake" wound his long way for ten minutes through some forty or so stanzas of poetry, but it was worth while, for it was spoken very well. It is interesting to note that only four of the eighteen selections were poetry. All in all it was an excellent declamation. Again may we repeat what we

said last month: Will the declaimers *please* for the sake of the suffering audience, please consider brevity in their selection of orations. We were rather surprised to find that there was no music to relieve the tension between the gang selections. Surely, there are enough musicians in the school to avoid this happening again. See Mr. Henderson of Room 303, if you wish to play up at the Hall. But to return to the Declamation. Very few mispronunciations were noted the entire afternoon. This shows that the declaimers are taking more care in their preparation. We have now to wait until Prize Day, which is not so far away.

* * *

"THE CREAKING CHAIR"

"The Creaking Chair" made its last creak with the passing of its second performance.

The play, as our programs announced, was a mystery. But those of us who were inured to the nonsensical whimsicalities of detective-story, mystery-plot poetasters were not deceived. We knew the old formulae so well that we suspected Mrs. Carruthers's murderer from the first "creak" after her murder, and, had we been compelled to, could have proved his guilt to any jury, grand or petit.

Angus Holly, excellently portrayed by Howard Rubin '28, a "gude Presbyterian" who feared the "deil," was the Scottish butler to an Englishman, *Edwin Latter*, played by John Connell '28. Connell played the role of an invalid in a realistic manner. *Essai Aissa*, played by John Hagerty '28, was the faithful Egyptian servitor of *Mrs. Carruthers*, played by Harry Bergson '28. If a serpent-like gliding about in people's sitting-rooms in blackest night 'mid thunder, lightning, and in rain, may be regarded as a symptom of criminal tendencies, *Essai* was the perfect type of potential murderer. Hagerty was an excellent, though silent, actor and spared no pains to make his part real. Meticulous care is usually associated with those of aesthetic temperament, and Hagerty assuredly is no exception.

A word—or several words, perhaps—about the junior female parts: Seldom before had we seen young ladies so self-conscious. Joyce of Class III played *Anita Latter* well; John MacDonald of Class IV, as *Sylvia Latter*, languidly and sophisticatedly kissed *her* lover. Joseph Fitzgerald of Class V showed signs of assuming, for some time to come, the comedienne parts by his flawless portrayal of *Rose Emily Winch*, the servant girl. His portrayal was all the more gratifying because it again indicates that boys of Classes V and VI, continue to realize their responsibility in school activities.

John Cutting, *Sylvia's* lover, was played by Manuel Dana '28, and his "pal," *Philip Speed*, played by Arnold Isenberg '28, was later disclosed as the murderer of *Mrs. Carruthers*. *Speed* was an Egyptian who was incensed at the advances of Elginism. Dana and Isenberg played their parts extremely effectively.

The three detectives, *Oliver Hart*, *Henley* and *Jim Bates*, were played

respectively by A. Paul Levack '28, Irving E. Simmons '28, and Donal M. Sullivan '29. They were effective specimens of the *Polizei*, especially to New Scotland Yard. Vigorously and quite appealingly they acted as ignoramuses.

Mr. Mark F. Russo, of the faculty, as director of the play and adviser of the Club, should be commended for the meritorious showing of his proteges.

The corps of well-groomed ushers, together with the Dramatic Club Orchestra, helped to make this affair one of the seasons "swankest."

—W. E. II.

* * *

"If you sow wheat, you'll reap wheat." This was the gist of the talk that the upper classes heard on February 29. The speaker was Mr. Cameron Beck, Director of Personnel of the New York Stock Exchange. The distinguishing feature of the talk was its informality. Mr. Beck talked not as a lecturer to an audience, but as a father to his sons (or shall we say like a "Dutch Uncle?"). Many humorous sallies flavored the speech in which the "future leaders in education, science, or any other field" were admonished to keep their record clean, to be conscientious workmen, and to avoid "letting George do it."

* * *

THE DRUM CORPS

Little is said of this loyal organization, which keeps constantly working at its routine in preparation for prize drill and the street parade. Suffice it to say, however, that a corps of which the school can be proud is being moulded.

* * *

Lest we forget, the last day of April is also the last day of grace for those who hope to capture one of the numerous prizes for written compositions or translations. For the benefit

of those who may not feel inclined to go searching in the dusty recesses of a long unopened catalogue, we offer here the names and numbers of all the prizes, to wit.

1. For an English poem on one of the following subjects: "The Aviator," "Alma Mater," "What Does the Future Hold?"

2. For an English essay on one of the following subjects: "The Value of a School Library," "The Safety Limit in Transoceanic Air Travel," "Improved Relations Between France and America."

3. For an English essay (for First Classmen only) on one of the following subjects: "Modern American Drama," "The Progress of Aviation," "Modern Naval Strategy and Tactics," "The History of the World Peace Movement," "The Immigration Problem in America."

4. For a translation into Latin of a selection from Webster's Bunker Hill Monument address.

5. For a translation from French into English and one from English into French.

6. For a translation into English verse of Horace, *Satires*, I, verses 1-42.

* * *

THE GROTON DEBATE

By W. J. Callaghan

Our first debate this season was with Groton School. It was held on the evening of March 2, 1928, at the Groton School. The hospitality extended to us there is gratefully remembered by all the Latin School men who attended the debate. A more courteous and gentlemanly audience could not be desired. The utmost friendliness and generosity marked our whole stay there.

The debate itself probably came closer to resulting in an adverse decision for the Latin School than has any in which we have engaged. Our victory

can be laid, largely, to the excellent and effective work of Arnold Isenberg, who surpassed even his usual high standard. The subject selected by Groton was, Resolved: That the Philippine Islands be granted their immediate and complete independence. Latin School upheld the affirmative for the first time.

The first speaker was Arthur Levack, who opened the debate for Latin by proving that the United States had no legal title to the Philippines. This he accomplished very conclusively by citing the successful Filipino revolt in 1896 and the establishment of the Philippine Republic. This naturally invalidated Spain's title to the Islands so that the sale of 1899 conveyed none to us.

The Groton speaker who followed him, Livingston Goddard, surprised us by admitting our lack of a title to the Islands, and basing his arguments for retention of the Islands upon the Filipinos' native inability to establish an economically stable government. His arguments were quite effective, but in this writer's opinion, at least, he was out-classed by Levack.

Joseph Sawyer was the second Latin School speaker. He devoted his ten minutes to proving that the U. S. is under a moral obligation to grant the Philippines their independence. He made a very good case for his argument by means of the Jones Bill and the promises made by various presidents.

The second Groton speech, delivered by O. Brooks, was more or less an extension of the first speaker's remarks. He added to the Filipinos' lack of financial ability their unstable politics and made this the basis for an argument for the retention of the Islands by the United States.

Arnold Isenberg closed the debate for the Latin School with an extremely

telling speech. In his twelve minutes he very completely proved that the retention of the Islands was unjust to everyone concerned and contrary to American political principles. He demanded immediate independence on the plea of "now or never." He supported this by a challenge to the Grotonians as to when independence would be granted if not now. He declared that their objections to immediate independence would be quite as valid twenty-five years hence as they are now. Consequently, they are arguments for permanent retention.

The closing speaker for Groton, Richard M. Bissell, Jr., completely surprised every one by answering Isenberg's questions very convincingly. He maintained that education must be continued for some time before the Filipinos would be ready for independence and that meanwhile they would be happier under American rule. He was very convincing and showed an enviable ability at extemporaneous speaking. This quality (probably because of that altogether unexpected answer to Isenberg's question) seemed the most effective of the evening.

A one-man rebuttal had been determined upon. Bissell spoke first and fell far below the high level of his main speech. After such an exhibition of genuine ability as it was, his rebuttal was a distinct disappointment. Finally, Arnold Isenberg closed the debate. To us his rebuttal seemed the best bit of work of the evening. His refutation of the Groton School's arguments was

altogether excellent. When he closed it was readily apparent to us that he had secured the victory for the Latin School. A few minutes later the judges returned a unanimous decision for us.

The admirable work in this debate was made all the more remarkable by the fact that only two days' preparation had been allowed both teams. We sincerely hope that next year will bring another of these contests.

* * *

THE LITERARY CLUB

On February 14, thanks to the efforts of Frank Gartland, Mr. James B. Connolly addressed the Literary Club. Upon his arrival he explained that he had prepared no talk but would answer questions instead.

In answer to the inquiry of one of the members he spoke for several minutes upon the mechanics of short story writing. He, of course, dealt particularly with his own method. Later in the course of his talk he presented a short 'critique' of Conrad, whom he characterized as "the user of the most colorful prose in modern literature."

To this writer at least the last part of his address was the most interesting. In answer to another question he told of a famous fisherman's race that later appeared in one of his stories.

He also told a rather gruesome tale of two fishermen adrift on the Banks that seemed to score quite a hit.

His last few statements might possibly arouse some controversy inasmuch as he declared that the ballad was the only effective form of narrative poetry.



Book Reviews



JCH.

Edited by Harry Bergson, Jr.

"JALNA"

By Mazo de la Roche

Jalna was the Canadian estate of Philip and Adeline Whiteoak, named after the British military station in India where the two had met. It was a park of a thousand Canadian acres, with a great red brick mansion. Jalna is the symbol as well as the setting of this story of the strange family founded by Philip and Adeline.

At the time of the story Adeline is already a great-grandmother, a harsh indomitable old woman, who is surrounded by her descendants. Miss de la Roche is impartial in her portraits. She paints with master strokes the portraits of precocious Wakefield, sulky Piers, poetic Eden, gouty Nicholas, through Renny, lord and master of the quarrelsome and noisy tribe in the backwoods of bleak Canada.

Jalna is the *Atlantic Monthly* \$10,000 prize novel. Miss de la Roche knows Canadian life intimately. A native of Toronto, Canada, she wrote *Jalna* at her country cottage in Ontario. It ranks with the best fiction in style, purpose and scene.

The author is at all times alert and

her sense of humour never fails her. Her mastery of all the tendencies and instincts of all ages and sorts of human beings has produced a delightful book, which will afford many hours of enjoyment.

—Harry Bergson Jr

"BALLYHOO"

By Silas Bent

In the past I have read in many books of the romance of the press but never before have I come across anything so utterly novel as "Mr. Ballyhoo." No matter what one's occupation in life may be Mr. Bent's book is a refreshing interlude to the countless volumes of meaningless prattle being published upon the same subject. Bent treats the case of Charles Lindbergh's tremendous popularity. The intensely interesting story with its irresistible appeal of how this boy almost overnight became a national figure is told in charming everyday language. But it is not told as we have heard it so often but rather from the view point of one behind the press. But Lindbergh is only one of the many who receive space in this book.

"Ballyhoo" is essentially a book of the day. Its appeal is but ephemeral,

and before long it will be meaningless. But notwithstanding this it will be well worth your while to pore over the pages of "Ballyhoo."

—George F. Frazier '28

* * *

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

By Charles and Mary Beard

It is not too late for a review of "The Rise of American Civilization." Although this two-volume history of the United States was released last April and is consequently in the common reviewing parlance, a "dead number," its significance is so great that it bids fair to become one of the few, the very few, deathless historical works of our age. As the outstanding American example of Voltaire's system of teaching and interpreting history, the book has an importance which transcends the specific attitudes which it presents.

Professor Beard and his sister are interested, as the title of the book indicates, in American *civilization* as a whole rather than in any of its contributing features. Not politics, not economics, not literature, art, society, science and invention, drama, journalism, nor education supplies the material for the authors, but rather the complete picture produced by the co-existence and co-application of these individual forces. Thus we find the history of the United States divided into periods and the politics and culture of these periods traced fully and yet with a keen eye to permanent evaluation of the spectacle as a whole. Indeed, if the book has any fault, it lies in the seemingly unvarying ability of the authors to place every characteristic of a complex civi-

lization into a definite scheme of things, to assign it to a category, label it, and let it go at that. Yet the essential rationalism of the book, its utter freedom from bias, its honesty and depth can excuse the historian's passion for labelling even the most inexplicable symptom.

Most noteworthy of all is the sense of values exhibited in "The Rise of American Civilization." By that I mean the historian's judgment of the relative importance of the various movements and events of history. An entire section, for example, is devoted to the explanation of the causes of the Civil War; the war itself occupies one and one half of the sixteen hundred pages. Is this not thoroughly reasonable? Of what significance to posterity are the dates, the places, the campaigns, the battles? It is the vital movements, the march of significant events which bear emphasis and receive it in "The Rise of American Civilization."

The chief contribution of this book is the proof that American history is not a jumble of names, dates, and feeble heroism but is entitled to the human and sympathetic treatment which older countries have often received at the hands of historians. It is regrettable that the writers of school textbooks continue to place inordinate emphasis upon politics rather than the national civilization which shapes its course, upon dates rather than the significance of the events which occur on them. Until this policy is reversed we can expect from the study of history no deep and true lessons.

—Arnold Isenberg

Rattling Bones

A Pointless Tale

By William J. Callaghan '30

FOREWORD

The author would like to state that his motives in introducing his friend Harry to the public are not as they would at first seem. He does not maintain that Harry's family skeleton is especially unique, or even noteworthy, among other family skeletons. He is not seeking any notoriety for his ghost, in unearthly circles. Perhaps spiritual would be the better word there. He is not even trying to secure a vaudeville contract for Harry! No; but he does think that Harry is an interesting sort.

READY! GO!

I was reading the other night in my room when a skeleton opened the door and walked in. I was rather surprised, of course, but I politely offered him the least dilapidated of my chairs and awaited developments.

He seated himself quietly enough and we gazed across at each other.

"I suppose," he began, "you are a bit surprised at this informal call of mine."

"Oh, not at all," I assured him, tho', very unconvincingly.

"Well, as matter of fact, I am supposed to haunt you, old bean. A business obligation, and all that sort of thing."

"Business is business," I quoted. "But don't breathe a word of it to my landlord. He'll raise my rent. By the way, just what are your haunting hours?"

"Usually," murmured my "vis-avis," crossing his bony shanks, "I haunt people from about one to, say, three or four. Wee, small hours of the morning, of course."

Now that bothered me somewhat because I simply cannot stay up that long for any ghost, regardless of how charming a chap he may be. I explained all

this to him and we finally decided upon a different schedule. We've changed it a bit from time to time but he has haunted me from ten to twelve for some time now. I usually read about then, and as his taste is quite similar to mine we manage to avoid being bored. After we had settled this matter of working hours we went about that evening's haunting. We discussed the weather, politics, and a few such stock topics and then I asked him casually, "How are you gentlemen picked to haunt chaps Mister—Mister?"

"Call me Harry," said the skeleton. "Well, in a manner of speaking, we inherit our customers. Or more accurately, our customers inherit us."

"You know this is jolly surprising!" I said. "I had absolutely no idea that we possessed a family skeleton. We've owned some false teeth in our day but that's not at all the same thing."

"No, not at all," agreed the skeleton. "I believe this is the first time I've ever worked with (or on) the members of your particular branch of the family. I was haunting a cousin of yours, tho', only last year. Very exhausting. You see, he has insomnia and I've walked miles haunting that man! A dull fellow too, if you'll pardon me. He simply refused to be friendly with me."

The conversation lagged for a few minutes.

"Why did you leave this particular cousin of mine?" I queried.

"He died," said Harry sadly.

This bit of intelligence had a depressing effect upon our little talk. Out of deference to Harry's feelings I didn't disturb him for a moment or two. However, we soon got under way again.

I was particularly interested in Harry's

description of ghostly methodology. Now, Harry is an excellent technician. There are few ghosts who rank higher in the profession than he does. Consequently the tales of his prowess can be relied upon. They are not the empty boastings of a callow and untried spook. They expressed the professional pride of a skilled workman. And he certainly is a skilled workman. You understand his skeleton role is but one of many. He has a great many other artistic ones. For example, as a wan and wasted prisoner he used to drag chains around and groan horribly. He occasionally came up in the nets of fishermen as a long dead but strangely active gallows bird. He frightened some hunters speechless by an artistic presentation of a headless soldier. (I accused him of plagiarism in that case but he offered a flimsy excuse of not being on horseback). He was also rather proud of his affair with "Black Jack" Callaghan in the days of yore. For the sake of my venerable ancestor's reputation I must make it clear that the "jack" referred to was the knave

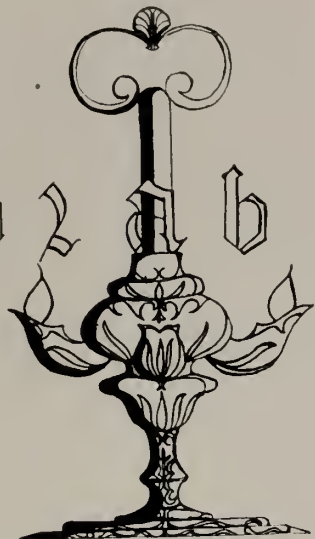
of spades. Otherwise the popular burglar's tool then under a different name might be imagined to have furnished his title.

Harry entered "Black Jack's" room one night as a humpbacked and badly worn corpse. He tapped him on the shoulder and Jack awoke. He gazed into Harry's horribly goggling eyes for a moment and dived off into a coma accompanied by a wild shriek. When he recovered, the very black hair and beard which had given him his nickname was quite white.

Nevertheless, my friend the ghost can be a very charming fellow. Except for his pigheaded notions, altogether agreeable. He has only one other failing. He takes the weather forecasts seriously. According to the regulations of the A. F. S. (Association of Federated Spirits) Harry is entitled to one free day a week. As he is an extremely frugal sort, he spends these holidays moving furniture for some of the local mediums. And his rates are simply piratical! Fifty dollars for even a small table!



Memorabilia



J.C.H.

Reprinted below is an account from the *New York Sun*, written by Bob Davis of the *Sun* Staff.

When the Mayor of Newburyport blew into New York and tried to match vests with our own Jimmy Walker it seems to me that he wasted a good deal of valuable time. He could have dropped into the office of *The Sun* and had a talk with our sporting editor, Joe Vila.

Mr. Vila could have related to the Newburyport gas merchant the full particulars of a vigorous and moving victory that was won in Bossy's own stamping ground as far back as 1885. Inasmuch as Joe hasn't retailed it to Mayor Gillis, I will. Doubtless there are men still living in Newburyport who will recall the circumstances.

At the period Vila was a student in the Boston Latin School, where college football also was taught to the nimble-minded boys. The fact that our sporting editor is one of the leading authorities among an army of experts merits the conclusion that between heavy doses of Virgil and Horace he crammed on that surging pastime. Coincidentally the students of the Newburyport High School made football part of the curriculum. In due course the rivalry between these two groups reached the

proportions of a Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Of a Saturday afternoon in November, 1885, in the otherwise peaceful city over which Bossy now presides, the two factions convened for a death struggle. Parents, sweethearts, students, minor relatives and friends of the contestants came from all quarters of the States to matriculate in the local hospitals. The fair city was ablaze with colors and brass bands were stationed about the hallowed grounds. The Latin host entered the field shouting the motto of the Duke of Kent: *Aut vincere, aut mori* (either to conquer or to die), while the Newburyport Highs retorted in plain English: *Kill 'em!*

The first half was a repetition of Spottsylvania, Antietam and Gettysburg. To this day friends and relatives of the two factions visit the scene of that affray and scatter flowers where the valiant fell. The Massachusetts Society has seriously contemplated the erection of marble monuments to mark the spot where the major actions took place. Wise counsel, fearing a State-wide lesion, has so far successfully postponed the plan. But in spite of that, mutterings have come down through the

years. The advent of Bossy served as an outlet for the pent-up emotions of eyewitnesses still living.

To return to that ill-fated afternoon. At the end of the first half the Latins were three down, with five men requiring the aid of osteopaths and with one hero bent beyond readjustment. All the available substitutes on both sides had been thrown into the breach, but the Highs were shy one man when time was called for the second stanza of inter-scholastic reciprocity. The Latins, true to the motto of the Duke of Kent, demanded action.

"We are entitled to an eleventh man," declared the captain of the Highs. "Our substitutes are exhausted. All we want is an even break."

"Whom do you wish to throw in?" asked the Latins. "*Fiat lux.*" (Let there be light.)

"*Ecce homo!*" (behold the man) shot the Newburyport High School captain, who had picked up a few phrases in the classical tongue. With that exclamation he led out one of the school's professors, an adult clothed in a snug fitting white canvas jacket and a full set of side whiskers merging into a glossy beard.

"He's too old and husky for us," retorted Captain Latin. "What chance would our undeveloped boys have in a tackle with him? You'll have to do better than that."

"We have no other substitute. It is Prof or nothing. Yes or no?"

Young Joe Vila—that was over forty years ago—edged up to his captain and whispered in pure Latin: "Accept the big stiff—whiskers and all. He's made for us."

The second half opened with the Latins' kickoff. Into the hands of the Professor came the pigskin. He shook his mane like a lion, ducked, sidestepped, dove through an opening and was heading for the open field when a swarm of Latin hornets fell upon him. Three of them struck amidships, while Vila did a

Billy Ruddy dive into the Prof's whiskers.

Out of the mêlée, which was swift and terrible, Vila was tossed aside.

But in his right hand was enough hair to stuff a pillow, while on the back of the educator, who plunged forward, hung the Latin pestilence. One boy seized the port, another the starboard duck blinds, and let the substitute set the pace. Five yards, ten yards—and then the spirit caved in with the body. When the Professor fell, one of his tormentors was swinging outward at an acute right angle. Thanks to the quality of the whiskers, he stayed on.

Each time the ball was put into play the high school substitute lost a portion of his facial adornment. His progressive mutilation completely shattered the morale of his playmates. Seated in the bleachers was a barber whose pleasure it was to keep the professorial spinach in good condition. Such was the agony occasioned by the final destruction of the tonsorial masterpiece that the specialist of the comb and the pomade left the scene and sought the solace of unlimited Medford rum.

The game ended with victory for the Latins. All of them came away from the field with souvenir plumes from the whiskers of *Ecce Homo*. Whatever festivities are supposed to eventuate after a football game were staged in Newburyport that night. The city was divided into two groups, one swayed by vows of retaliation, the other by demonstrations of hilarity, the echoes of which will be passed along for all eternity to the descendants of the defeated.

No issue that Bossy Gillis, reigning Mayor of Newburyport, can stir up within its precincts will ever equal in intensity the football feud inaugurated there in November, 1885.

Joe Vila has not since been seen within its city limits, nor has a football player with whiskers even so much as been mentioned by man, woman or child.

The Declaimer

By S. E. Shershevsky '27

He sat in the Hall
With folded arms
And his name was read
And his piece was called
And he mounted the stage
And bowed.
He turned around
And looked at us
And bowed.
He raised his arms
And opened his lips
And rolled his eyes aloft.
His voice was low
As the winds that croon
And rock the waves to sleep.
And it slowly grew
More loud and loud
And swelled to a pitch
Of frenzy.
And he pumped his arms
And his eyes stood out
In his head.
And he clenched his fists
And he beat his breast
And his earnest brow

Was perplexed.
But he drew to a close
With a dying voice
And gave up the ghost
With a bow.
And he tiptoed off
And without a word
Sank gratefully into his chair.
And there he sat
With folded arms
So quietly and so still
And answered your look
If you looked at him
With a fishy stare.
I see him now
When the classes pass
Go by with an humble air;
And his brow is smooth
And his hair is sleek,
And his eye is gentle and wide.
And his tongue seems stuck
To the roof of his mouth.
And his throat
Is eternally dry.
So I sometimes think

As I pass him by,
Wordless and speechless
And voiceless and all
"He forgot how to talk
When he learned to declaim,
And now he is only
A talking machine."



The following essays were read at the Washington-Lincoln exercises.

George Washington

By Peter H. Kozodoy '28

It is difficult in treating the life of any prominent man to distinguish at times between the trivial and the important, the necessary and the unnecessary, the essential and the non-essential. It is practically impossible to speak of a man in any terms that might be acceptable to all, for there are always those who think that undue praise is being given where none is merited, and there are those who declare that one is biased in his opinions and that he fails to show a proper appreciation of the man about whom he is writing. Certainly, it can safely be asserted that it is quite impossible to conceive of a man who can be said to have been endowed with all of the virtues and none of the failings that usually beset most mortals. Yet, and here I fear the reproach of those who would detract from a man's fame, merely for the pleasure of saying something that might give them temporary prominence, there has been one man, whose virtues were so many, whose failings so few that his was a name that has become more hallowed as the years pass, his a glory that far out-shines that of all his predecessors and all his successors and yet reflects some of its own glamor upon both predecessors and successors, his a life of devotion to an ideal which surmounted stupendous obstacles, and finally emerged recognized as a cherished principle of one of the greatest nations in the world. That man was George Washington.

It would be possible to go on at length with anecdotes and tales of Washington's courage, perseverance, and patience. One could write volumes on the man as a soldier, discuss his merits and demerits and yet arrive at no other conclusion than that as a soldier he exhibited traits that proclaimed him a

military genius. We could write even more on the man as a statesman. We can never forget his great services during those years when it was a question whether this was a Union long to survive. We can never forget that it was he who set this republic upon the strong foundation and firm base from which it has never been shaken. Yet we are not concerned with these. There have been other soldiers better qualified and perhaps even of greater genius than he; there have been other statesmen his equals if not his superiors. If this be true, then what was it that made him the adored idol of three millions and a half of people who made him the first man ever to achieve that greatest of great ambitions, the president of the United States? To this there is only one answer—the man.

Long years ago, as children, we were all told the story of the cherry-tree. Some of us listened with incredulity, some with amazement, some with admiration. All wondered whether it were possible. And now that we are grown and no longer children, now that we look with clear and discerning eye over the pages of history, now after a hundred and fifty years have passed, we still wonder whether it is possible that such a man ever lived. We think of his gallant conduct in the services of his state, his disregarded advice that might have saved a British army from one of the most ignominious defeats in its history, his subsequent promotion to the rank of major. We think of him in the Revolution, massing the rugged uncouth farmers, forcing the British to evacuate Boston. We sympathize with him at New York, and point with wonder and incredulity to Trenton and Princeton. We pity him in Valley Forge; we despise with him the base

attempt to oust him from command. We feel with him, touched to the bottom of our hearts, the great tragedy of the war, the disgraceful treachery of his trusted friend, ending in the death of a man for whom he had only the highest respect, Major Andre. We rejoice with him at Yorktown. We are anxious with him over the fate of the young nation. Finally we see his strong hand, which has restored peace from chaos and instituted government where was only a mocking semblance of order, relinquishing the helm of that government, and his weary spirit resting before its final departure to the side of God. The more we read, the more we wonder whether it was possible or even probable that one man alone could have done what he accomplished.

We have said that he was not a truly great soldier nor a truly great statesman despite his achievements. What then did he possess? What was it that made him the leader of men, the idol of a people, and the wonder of two worlds? Was it his wonderful brain or his native genius? Undoubtedly, in a measure, we must say it was both. But more than those, it was his magnetism, his possession of that elusive indefinable something termed personality that unquestionably has won for him the great fame that he has acquired. Armed with this alone, he made himself so dear to his fellow-countrymen that he received the greatest distinction that could have been bestowed upon him, the unanimous election to the presidency, an honor which no other man has ever been fortunate enough to receive.

We have said that it was his qualities

as a man that caused Washington to be recognized as the foremost man of his time. What were these qualities? I quote from a graduate of this school: "Washington was so well beloved, because of his many remarkable, I might say, virtues. He was broad-minded in his judgments, patient in times of suffering, untiring in the performance of his duties, and courageous in battle. His integrity was unquestionable; he is one of America's immortal characters. Not in vain has it been said of him that he was 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen'." No greater tribute, I feel, could ever be paid any man living or dead. Surely no man was more deserving of such a tribute than George Washington.

It has been said that we of later generations have come to reverence Washington almost "this side idolatry." This has inevitably led to the publication of many books which tend to detract from the character of Washington and to lower the admiration with which we all feel inclined to regard the man. These accuse him of unpardonable sins, partly in the hope of making everyone read their works and gasp with surprise and horror at their audacity, and partly because of the immense profits that must follow the great sale of such books. I can find no fitter conclusion to my essay, and no better answer to their charges than this testimonial published in New York, December 21, 1799, a week after his death.

"It is with the deepest grief that we announce to the public the death of our most distinguished fellow-citizen, Lieutenant-General George Washington."



Abraham Lincoln

By William E. Harrison '28

Moses brought the children of Israel out of the house of bondage and away from the power of Pharaoh, and it was forty years before he saw the promised land; he never enjoyed it. Abraham Lincoln, the greatest gift that the common people ever gave to America, emancipated the race of American Negroes after they had been enslaved for two hundred and fifty years, and he never lived to see the results of his labors; assassination was his reward. He saved a country from disunion and possible anarchy. He freed a race. He was murdered even as he was to enjoy a new day, after one of the most nefarious evils in his country's history had been extirpated. The analogy between the lives and works of Moses and Lincoln is marked, and would seem to demonstrate the futility of human aspirations.

Born and reared among the lowest of the low, Lincoln succeeded in rising above his environment only by his refusal to be like the people about him. If he had preferred to let the so-easily-acquired habit of letting-things-slide master him, if he had preferred Micawberism to perseverance, it is not unlikely that he would have spent all his days whittling under the spreading tree in front of the village inn. He would never have become President of the United States. He would never have "hit the thing (slavery) hard"; he would have stood by impotent while the "house divided against itself" fell, and would perhaps have stood afar off, and no man would have hearkened unto his cry. But he struggled on, surmounting every seemingly insurmountable obstacle that presented itself to him, until he could hit slavery hard, and when he did hit it, as he promised to do in his youth, he struck it so hard that it went down never to rise again. He prevented the

divided house from falling asunder, and it has never fallen apart.

Lincoln carved a niche for himself first in the hall of local politics, then in the hall of state politics, and finally in the hall of national politics. When he was inaugurated on March 4, 1861, he entered upon his duties as the chief magistrate of a great but sorely troubled nation, a nation split into two armed camps, one of which was seeking to abjure the sacred covenant to which it had sworn in 1787. He had from the first to contend with uncompromising factions within the Union and with the Confederates, determined to effect the most colossal fratricidal war known to history. Among the Unionists were those who thought that the President should immediately free all the slaves. They failed to see that if he were to do as they wished, the Union cause would only incur the antagonism of the people in the border states, who, while slaveholders, had not joined the Confederacy because of their intense desire for the preservation of the Union. So Lincoln had for the time being to abandon one of the major purposes of his life, namely, to free the slaves, and had to assume the task of trying to preserve the Union. When, in September 1862, it became evident to him that the abolition of slavery was not to be consequent on the preservation of the Union but was concurrent with it, we find him issuing his pronouncement of that date, later followed by the great Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863. Even then, being not entirely sure of his ground, he emancipated the slaves as a war measure, and it was not until after his death, when Congress passed the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution that the Negroes were freed.

Countless eulogies on Abraham Lin-

coln have been delivered in the halls of Congress and in the administrative halls of every civilised nation; countless "mute, inglorious Miltons" have penned poems in his honor; myriads of sculptured busts and effigies of him are scattered among the peoples of the earth, but his memory will be resplendent *in saecula saeculorum* as long as there breathes one member of the race that he suffered martyrdom to free from the fastbound shackles of slavery. Well may we say

that every advance the Negro race makes will serve to demonstrate the greatness of his work. Similarly, all that the great American people, rich and poor, white and black, high and low, have done since his death, are doing now, and will ever do so long as this nation endures, will serve only to show the greatness of his work in saving a nation from disunion and in granting it "liberty and union, one and inseparable." Lincoln truly belongs to the ages.

America's Heroes

By Arnold Isenberg '28

It is not the literary fashion just at present, to attempt a eulogy of either of the gigantic American figures who have gradually come to assume the epic proportions of the great racial heroes. On the one hand there are those who have become weary of the lengthy Lincoln and Washington day orations and whose only desire is to take Washington and Lincoln for granted, to admit their greatness, to admire them, and to forget them; and on the other hand we have the new school of biography, whose sole aim, it appears, is to bring out in detail and with great gusto the astounding fact that the great figures of history were, in their personal appearance, customs, and habits much like their less noteworthy contemporaries. Yet that a peculiar historical significance is attached to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, a significance which can be applied to no other American, cannot well be denied. It is not for their specific achievements, not for the mere fact that the one, more than any other man, established the United States and the other prevented its dissolution; not *just* for their nobility of characters or their loftiness of purpose that they have become the demi-gods they are to-day, but because it is good for a nation to have its heroes; and in the persons of George

Washington and Abraham Lincoln are the essential elements of heroism.

Time alone can make a hero. Great men may live and die, but rare is he who attains heroism. For he must be possessed of a certain glamour, a certain enchantment, which may be deepened and ripened and purified and exalted by the passage of time. Washington and Lincoln are probably not the greatest, certainly not the only great men that America has produced. Take achievement for achievement and it is doubtful whether Washington was intrinsically a greater man than Franklin; consider character and ideals and intellectual achievement and Emerson, perhaps, weighs as much as Lincoln. But Washington and Lincoln remain the heroes. Why? One great *general* reason may first be advanced. The personalities of these two men are such that they directly and personally appeal to masses of people, such that they can comprise the millions of smaller personalities whose devotion and admiration constitute heroism. A Franklin may arouse the latent qualities of wit, wisdom, frugality, and discretion of a people; an Emerson may awaken a national reason, a popular aestheticism, a sense of beauty and order and proportion among the literate classes; an Edison

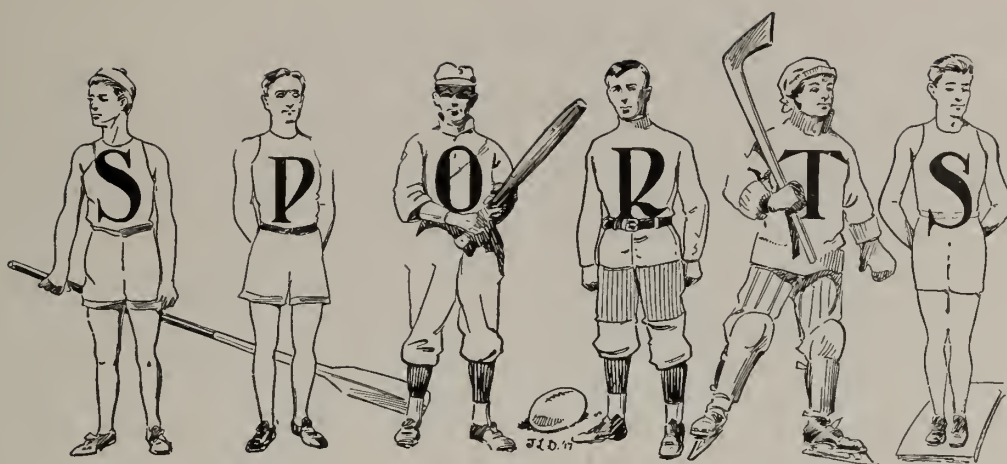
may incur the gratitude of millions for practical aid, but Washington seems to inspire in us a feeling which is more than admiration and respect and gratitude; and Lincoln has somehow managed to snuggle into the national heart and gradually to expand until he fills it. We, each of us, rather believe that we *share* the qualities of these men. Hence they hold us.

George Washington's greatness lies in one trait of his character, his ability to inspire the confidence and trust of every man with whom he came in contact. This was the secret of his military and political success. Not a great military tactician, by no means a masterly orator or an adroit political leader, he yet attained distinction as a soldier and statesman by his leadership, by his mastery over his soldiers, his dignity and magnetic attraction in office. Men trusted him; and as he drew close to him his personal acquaintances, friends and subordinates, so too the nation as a whole was irresistibly attracted by his personality; so too are *we* indissolubly bound to him. Other numerous legends concerning his exploits were not, for the greater part, foisted upon an unsuspecting public by scheming historians of the type of Parson Weems; they grew out from the heart of an adoring people. Like the Homeric legends, the Nibelungen Lied, the story of Beowulf, they are the concrete evidence of the quality of heroism, the quality which consists of a greatness in which an entire people can find expression.

The story of the life of Abraham Lincoln, while utterly dissimilar to that of Washington in details, bears an underlying resemblance in significance. Lincoln, of course, has been acclaimed again and again as the typification of the common American. He is far from that. He was a very uncommon American. But that he sprang from the soil and that

he combined in his character the *higher* beliefs, ideals, and aspirations of the untutored masses is, perhaps, the secret of his heroism. The life of Lincoln is the story of the long, bitter, unceasing fight for one ideal—the preservation of the American Union. Lincoln was opposed to *slavery* from the standpoint of morality; he considered it ethically wrong and believed that it should eventually be abolished. But as a statesman he fought against slavery only in order that by so doing he might help to perpetuate the Union. He saw clearly that if slavery continued to exist, the United States could not exist along with it. And with the essential realism that never deserted him, he attacked the evil which was threatening his ideal. His heroism, I think, springs not from his statesmanship but from his character. As one of the *good* men of history, a man who attained success from lowliness and yet displayed no ruthlessness, no unscrupulousness, lost none of his simplicity and virtue in the process, he has a universal appeal. His was the stuff that heroes are made of.

Washington and Lincoln are heroes. More and more are they becoming material for legend rather than history. More and more does the spirit of the nation seem to be included in the great figures of these two men. And it is a good thing. The adult need believe the story of the cherry tree no more than the exploits of David, of Hercules, of Roland, or of Bayard, but all are grand themes for youth to cherish. Let history reveal this aspect and that aspect of the Revolution and the Civil War and biography bring new light to bear upon the personal and private lives of these men, but so long as youth has need of heroic examples, so long as the characters of men can be clothed in the robe of heroism, Washington and Lincoln will live



DORCHESTER, 97½—TRADE, 81½
LATIN, 50

The only mitigation of our sorrow in the Dorchester—Trade—Latin meet was the fact that we outscored Trade School by 3½ points in the track events.

Dorchester won a clean victory over Trade with a well-balanced team in all divisions. We derived some pleasure from the victorious races of King, Beveridge, Murphy, and Tarplin.

Beveridge proved himself a true captain in winning by two yards over Walsh of Dorchester in the "300". He gave all he had and nearly collapsed at the close of the race.

Latin School almost scored a clean sweep in the senior "600." King, Dolan, Gorman finished in that order, and Mednis tied for fourth with Watson of Trade.

Murphy won the "1000" after a slow start.

Tarplin won by at least five yards in the junior hurdles.

The track summary:—

* * *

Senior Events

Fifty-yard hurdle—Won by Newton (D); second, Fairweather (D); third, Sullivan (D); fourth, Messinger (T).

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Stillman (D); second, McArdle (T); third, Garem (D); fourth, Rogers (D).

Three hundred-yard run—Won by

Beveridge (L); second, Walsh (D); third, Karalekas (D); fourth, Brabazon (D).

Six hundred-yard run—Won by King (L); second, Holan (L); third, Gorman (L); fourth, tie between Mednis (L) and Watson (T).

One thousand-yard run—Won by Murphy (L); second, Quinn (D); third, Kelley (D); fourth, Romaines (D).

Intermediate Events

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Schwartz (D); second, Snyder (D); third, Hogan (D) fourth, Klund (T).

Fifty-yard hurdles—Won by Kline (T); second, Freedman (D); third, McEllaney (T); fourth, Player (T).

Two hundred and twenty-yard run—Won by Totefsky (D); second, Walsh (D); third, Freedman (L); fourth, Hunt (D).

Six hundred-yard run—Won by Poranova (T); second, Brown (D) third, Paddock (T) fourth, Keeler (L).

Junior Events

Fifty-yard hurdles—Won by Tarplin (L); second, Cadler (T); Jones (D); fourth, Shaffer (L).

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Minden (D); second, Goldberg (L) third, Narnaby (T); fourth, Spotintz (L).

One hundred and seventy-six-yard run—Won by Comaschi (D); second, Perkins (T); third, Shea (D); fourth, Sorgi (D).

K. OF. C. MEET RELAYS

Latin drew the third position from the pole in the senior race. Beveridge was in third place on the first corner, and was unable to pass the leaders on the rather narrow track.

King took the baton from Beveridge with a lead of 7 yards held by the second place man to overcome. He displayed some fine running and finished in second place with a 4-yard lead over the man in third place.

Murphy held the lead, but in the passing of the baton, Dorchester again passed us.

Dolan ran well all the way, but was unable to pass his man. He made a fine finish and a scant six inches separated us from second place.

English, first; second, Dorchester; third, Latin.

As in the senior race, the leading junior was preceded to the first corner by his opponent; and though all the boys on our team ran well, we finished in second place. Tarplin, running anchor cut down the lead from ten to about seven yards. The order of running was as follows: David, Goldberg, Coleman, and Tarplin.

* * *

HYDE PARK, 136—LATIN, 95

On February second, Latin and Hyde Park met in the East Armory for an interesting afternoon of track events. The two best races of the day were the senior "300" and the "600." In the three hundred, Captain Beveridge took the lead, with Connolly of Hyde Park and Don Sullivan of Latin right behind. Connolly uncorked a sprint on the final straightaway and won by inches over Beveridge. Sullivan finished right behind them in third place.

In the "600" Joe King led all the way, but Joe Dolan of Latin and Killelea of Hyde Park kept on his heels. Killelea

passed Dolan on the gun lap, but King won by about five yards.

"Bob" Murphy continued to annex 1000-yard runs in winning over Chisholm of Hyde Park.

The Summary

Senior Division

50-Yard Dash—Won by Chippendale. H. P., Winn, L. second; Lachaz L. third; Gray, H. P., fourth.

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Lundsgar. H. P., Lockhart, H. P., second; Cooley, L. third; McDonough, H. P., fourth.

300-Yard Run—Won by Connolly. H. P., Beveridge, L., second; Sullivan, L., third; Joyce, H. P., fourth. Time, 37 4-5s.

600-Yard Run—Won by King. L., Killelea, H. P., second; Dolan, third; Gorman, L., fourth. Time, 1m 33 1-5s.

1000-Yard Run—Won by Murphy. L., Chisholm, H. P., second; Porges, H. P., third; Casey, L., fourth.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Bennett. H. P., Adams, L., second; Brose, L., third; Rubin, L., fourth. Distance, 9ft. 2in.

Running High Jump—Won by Beveridge, L., Yarashito, H. P., second; Bakula, H. P., third; Ellsbree, L., fourth. Height 5ft. 7in.

Putting 12-Pound Shot—Won by Murnes. L., Ward, H. P., second; Marklis, fourth. Distance. 37ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Intermediate Division

50-Yard Dash—Won by Hall. H. P., Cohen, L., fourth. Time, 6 2-5s.

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Mahan. H. P., Shea, H. P., second; Parfumorse. H. P., third; Shefrancki, H. P., fourth.

220-Yard Run—Won by Sullivan. H. P., Kostecki, H. P., second; Higgins, H. P., third; Donlan, H. P., fourth.

600-Yard Run—Won by Ficicchy, H. P., Keeler, L., second; Fitzgerald, H. P., third; Gray, H. P., fourth.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Hall.

H. P., Ficicchy, H. P., second; Kelley, L., third; Shea, H. P., fourth. Distance, 9ft. 8in.

Running High Jump—Tie for first place between Keller, L., and Gray, H. P., Parfumorse, H. P., third; Leader, L., fourth. Height 4ft. 9in.

Putting Eight-Pound Shot—Won by Currie. H. P., Abramson, L., second; Goldman, L., third; Staruski, H. P., fourth. Distance, 39ft. 9in.

Junior Division

50-Yard Dash—Won by Dawyskiba. H. P., Spotnitz, L., second; Chisholm, H. P., third; Coleman, L., fourth.

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Connelley. H. P., Taplin, L., second; Baletski, H. P., third; Schafer, fourth.

176-Yard Run—Won by Goldberg. L., Connelly, L., second; Elsant, H. P. third; Sledis, H. P., fourth.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Sawyskiba, H. P., Tarplin, L., second; Alberto, H. P., third; Bruno, L., fourth. Distance, 7ft. 10½in.

Running High Jump—Won by Ross, L., Connelley, H. P., second; Goldberg, L., third, Height, 4ft. 6in.

Putting Five Pound Shot—Won by Spotnitz. L., Kilduff, H. P., second; Howland, H. P., third; Balilski, H. P., fourth. Distance 36ft. 8 in.

* * *

ENGLISH HIGH 174—LATIN 56

By the wide margin of 118½ points the blue hordes of English High School swamped Latin School's hard-fighting, but hopelessly outnumbered team. The final score is not a true indication of the competition shown. The result was inevitable, but the team showed a wonderful fighting spirit, notwithstanding.

Winn, Latin's star sprinter, was left on his mark at the start of the senior dash, but he got under way fast and won third place, half a stride behind the leaders.

Latin did not place in the senior fifty-yard hurdles.

The senior "300" and "600" were the most thrilling races witnessed in the Armory so far this year. In the 300-yard final, D. M. Sullivan of Latin led the pack to the first corner. All the way around he fought off the efforts of Quirk of English, and coming off the last corner it seemed as though a dead heat would result. Sullivan held the lead until about three yards from the tape, where he "tied up," and Norton of English, Captain Beveridge of Latin, Morris, and Quirk of English swept by him in a blanket finish, shutting him out. Norton was awarded first place and "Bevo" took second.

In the "600," the best race of the day. Segal of English took the lead for a short time, but the two "Joes," Dolan and King, soon decided it was Latin's turn to wave the flag of victory, and forged into the lead. On the back stretch of the last lap King started flying, and won by ten yards. Little "Joe" Dolan breezed in to take second, and Gorman of Latin beat out Segal, English's star.

"Bob" Murphy set the pace throughout in the "1000," and thundered into an impressive victory over Doherty of English. Casey of Latin took fourth place.

The intermediate 50-yard dash was all blue.

Dalrymple was the traitor in an equally blue 50-yard hurdle race.

"Red" Parks ran very well in the intermediate "220," to get second place right behind the winner. Kouroyen of Latin got fourth.

Keeler of Latin won third position in the intermediate "600."

Tarplin of Latin ran away with the junior hurdles by several yards. He is one of the foremost junior hurdlers this year.

David got fourth in the "176," and Gates did likewise in the 50-yard dash for Latin.

Beveridge's impressive leap of five feet, seven inches, to take the senior high jump, and Brabazon's win in the junior broad jump were the bright spots for Latin in the field events.

TRACK SUMMARY

Senior Division

50-yard Low Hurdles—Won by Eastman, English; McDonnell, English, second; McCarthy, English, third; Whelton, English, fourth.

50-yard Dash—Won by Leahy, English; Pernaikoff, English, second; Winn, Latin third; Abrams, English, fourth.

300-Yard Run—Won by Norton, English; Beveridge, Latin, second; Morris English, third; Quirk, English, fourth.

600-Yard Run—Won by King, Latin; Dolan, Latin, second; Gorman, Latin, third; Segal, English, fourth.

1000-Yard Run—Won by Murphy, Latin; Doherty, English, second; Feldman, English, third; Casey, Latin, fourth.

Intermediate Division

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Dalrymple, English; Guarino, English, second; Sartini, English, third; Craffney, English, fourth.

50-Yard Dash—Won by Jakunskas, English; Cohen, English, second; Lodnitz, English, third; Glovinsky, English, fourth.

220-Yard Run—Won by Yerestky, English; Parks, Latin, second; Sherer, English, third; Kouroyen, Latin, fourth.

600-Yard Run—Won by Sabbey, English; Wolfers, English, second; Keeler, Latin, third; Mayhew, English, fourth.

Junior Division

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Tarplin, Latin; Touhy, English, second; Kimmett, English, third; Dohen, English, fourth.

176-Yard Run—Won by Shaer, English; Agrippino, English, second; David, Latin, third; Fishman, English fourth.

50-Yard Dash—Won by Schwartz, English; Rodensky, English, second; Furey, English, third; Gates, Latin, fourth.

FIELD SUMMARY

Seniors

High jump—Won by Beveridge (L); second, Woodman (E); third, Saltzburg (E); fourth, Robins (E) Height—5ft. 7in.

Broad jump—Won by McDonnell (E); second, Adams, (L); third, Gerstein (E); fourth, Slaughter (E) Distance—9ft. 8in.

Shot-put—Won by Koplow (E); second, Millen (E); third, Petrocelli (E); fourth, Kesselman (E). Distance—43ft. 9in.

Intermediates

Shot-put—Won by Lavinsky (E); second, Showstack (E); third, London (E); fourth, Barbara (E); Distance—42ft. 5½in.

High jump—Won by Gaurim (E); second, Sharrer (E); third, tie among Hoyer (L); Keeler (L), and Williams (E). Height—5ft.

Broad jump—Won by Cohen (E); second, Hushner (E); third, Rosenberg (L); fourth Logsit (E). Distance—9ft. 3in.

Juniors

High jump—Won by Bardadon (L); second, Ross (L); third, Dohen (E); fourth, tie between Byrne (E) and Schwartz (E). Height—4ft. 6in.

Shot-put—Won by Frank (E); second, Spotnitz (L); third, Rodnetsky (E); fourth, Bloom (E), Distance—46ft. 10in.

SENIOR TWO-LAP RELAY TRIALS

Time trials for the senior two-lap relay team were held at the Heights during the week of February 16. The

following times were recorded for the 352-yard distance:—

| | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| Joe King, | 43 $\frac{1}{10}$ s. |
| Capt. Beveridge, | 44 $\frac{6}{10}$ s. |
| Don Sullivan, | 45s. |
| Joe Dolan, | 45 $\frac{8}{10}$ s. |
| Bob Murphy, | 46 $\frac{4}{10}$ s. |

* * *

THE RELAY CARNIVAL

This year, instead of holding the relay races of the Boston schools in conjunction with the City and District track meets, the practice of holding a relay carnival was resumed. The games took place on February 18. The senior two-lap team was the only Latin School relay to score points. The junior one-lap team, Tarplin, Brabazon, Landrigan, and David got tenth place. The intermediate team, Cohen, Parks, Keeler, and Freedman got fifth. The senior one-lap team, Lachacz, Mednis, Gorman, and Cooley got sixth. The medley team Landrigan, Donahue, Kouroyen, and Murphy got fifth. The medley race is an innovation.

To return to the two-lap race, our team got third place, English and Mechanic Arts tying for first. Don Sullivan lost three yards to Segal of English. Joe King, running against Captain Daley of English passed the baton to Joe Dolan on even terms. However, Adams of English led Dolan to the first corner and finished three yards ahead. Captain Beveridge, running anchor, finished six yards behind. This is the first time in many, many moons that Latin has lost a senior two-lap race.

* * *

B. A. A. SCHOOLBOY MEET RELAY

On February 25th, Latin School raced English High School in a one-mile relay at the B. A. A. Schoolboy meet in the Boston Arena. Each man ran three laps, or 440 yards.

D. M. Sullivan, starting for Latin, got away to a fast start and gained the lead over Segal of English at the first corner. But at the beginning of the

third lap, Segal passed him and finished about two and one half yards ahead. "Bob" Murphy ran a good race against Adams of English, taking the lead on the second lap, and handed over a two-yard advantage to Dolan. Quirk of English left him on the third lap, but Joe gained on him and finished but 3 yards behind. "Joe" King trailed Capt. Daley of English until the two and one half lap mark. Then he started to gain, and coming down the last stretch there was but six inches between them. Joe caught his man at the tape. The decision of the judges, delivered after lengthy deliberation among the officials, awarded English first place. A chorus of "boohs," the only demonstration of its sort all afternoon, greeted the announcement.

* * *

THE CITY MEET

On March 1, English ran away with the annual City Meet. Latin was in fifth place. In the senior "600," Segal of English held the lead for two laps. Then McClellan of Mechanics and King of Latin thundered by and staged a thrilling battle till the bitter end. King was but two yards behind the Mechanics ace. Gorman turned in a fine day's work, getting fourth place behind Cowhig of Commerce. Joe Dolan received some rough handling and failed to place. The time, 1 minute 22 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, was but three-fifths of a second behind the record held by Hegarty, our last year's captain. Bob Murphy placed third, behind Daley of English and "1000." Kelley, although he was exhausted when he finished, certainly upset the "dope." Sullivan, Latin's sole survivor of the "300" trials, was boxed in the first semi-final. Though, after a last-ditch spurt, he seemed to have shaded Quirk of English, the judges awarded third qualifying position to the latter.

Dalrymple, ex-Latin school star, was the class of the field in the intermediate

50-yard hurdles, equalling the record of 7s. He is now a wearer of the odious blue and blue. Another good man gone wrong!

Freedman of Latin just missed qualifying as the intermediate "220" B. H. Tarplin, able successor to "Dal" and "Dev" in the junior hurdles, equaled their record of 7s, in winning by a good margin.

In the field events Captain Beveridge had an off day and got only fourth in the senior high jump. Three men tied for first, breaking his last year's record. Adams got third in the senior broad jump.

Ross won first for Latin in the junior high jump with a leap of four feet, seven and one-half inches. Brabazon tied for fourth. Spotnitz got third in the junior shot put.

Two records were broken and six equalled in this meet.

* * *

BASEBALL

A meeting of candidates for the baseball team was called on March fifth in Room 206. Coach Fitzgerald addressed a goodly number of candidates. He expressed the hope that as many would show up for practice as were present at the meeting. The principal points of his talk were eligibility, care, and perseverance. There is a well-filled schedule of twenty-six games garnered by our industrious manager, Egan.

* * *

THE SWIMMING TEAM

Due to the fact that captain-elect Brines did not return to the school this fall, a meeting of the letter men was called to elect a captain. M. B. Serkin was elected captain for the coming season. Immediately after the Christmas vacation, candidates were called. Among the veterans to report were: Bluhm, Fitzgerald, Rogers, Sanderson, Feinberg, Donellan, Salzberg. Two football letter men also reported: V. F. Talbot, and J. P. Walsh. In the Class

IV meet three promising Juniors were unearthed: Hickey, Dixon and Zick.

* * *

HYDE PARK 1—LATIN 0

The team suffered an unexpected defeat at the hands of Hyde Park High School on Saturday morning, January 14. Up to that day we had not been defeated in the Boston City School League and were tied with our ancient rivals of English High for first place.

The Hyde Park victory, we must admit, was well earned. Although we probably had many more shots at their goalie than they had at Jerry Moore, they made one of theirs count, finding our defense spread all over the ice just once in the second period. That was enough. Manchester, left wing for Hyde Park, took a pass and skated unmolested up to the net. For the rest of the game, they had enough strength left to hold us.

When the whistle blew, ending the game, Latin School had been defeated for the first time since 1926.

Hyde Park

L. W. Manchester (Lagner) R. W.
C. Walsh (Bush)
R. W. Darbinsky (Best)
L. D. Chippendale (Harlow)
R. D. Sobachenski (Harlow)
G. Ward

Latin

R. W. McEachern (Crimlisk)
C. Tracy (Campana)
L. W. Shine (Talbot)
R. D. Doyle
L. D. Hunt
G. Moore

Goal: Manchester. Penalties: Darbinsky, board-check; Sobachenski, tripping. Referee: Lynch.

* * *

DORCHESTER 0—LATIN 0

On the morning of February 11th the team faced Dorchester at the Arena. The team still smarting from the defeat by the Hyde Park team, went right after their opponents from the opening

whistle. Time and time again, the fellows teamed up, dashed down the ice, broke through the defense, only to be repulsed by the Dorchester goal tender, Dunlop, who more than once saved the day by making seemingly impossible stops. The end of the first period found the two teams tied, nothing to nothing.

Coming back on the ice after a rest, the team continued the terrific pace which it set in the first period. Jerry Moore, tending goal, several times brought the crowd to its feet by his magnificent stops. The first line worked together with its usual teamwork. The second line also did a great job. "Red" Hunt and Freddie Knutson repeatedly broke up the attacks of the Dorchester team. Though the team fought hard to the finish, the game ended with no score.

The Summary

Dorchester

Roach rw.
Tuohey c.
Sullivan lw.
Howard ld.
Harrington rd.
Dunlop g.

Latin

Shine (Campana) lw.
Tracy (Talbot) c.
McEachern (Crimlisk) rw.
Hunt rd.
Knutson ld.
Moore g.

* * *

LATIN 2—COMMERCE 0

Latin returned to its winning ways on the following Saturday. Captain George Shine led his team to a 2-0 victory over the High School of Commerce. He was the central figure on the ice, playing an excellent game throughout and scoring both goals for us.

Latin

L. W. Shine (Talbot)
C. Tracey (Campana)

R. W. McEachern (Crimlisk)
L. D. Hunt (Chase)
R. D. Knutson (Doyle)
G. Moore

Commerce

R. W. Caterous (Lawson)
C. Roach (McMahon)
L. W. Hennessy (Gallagher)
R. D. Lombard (Walsh)
L. D. McNamara
C. Lyons

Scores: Shine 2. Referee: Noonan.

* * *

LATIN 5—MECHANICS 0

Latin School kept pace with the leaders of the City League when its ice team buried the strong Mechanic Arts sextet under a 5 to 0 score. Even the most optimistic Latin supporters had not expected such a one-sided victory.

Latin put the game on ice in the first period. Freddy Knutson scored the first goal after a beautiful pass from McEachern. Then Captain George Shine went down the ice all alone and tucked in the second counter. Not to be outdone, Red Hunt dented the strings just before the end of the first period.

Keeping up a steady pace, the team went after more in the second period. Herbie Crimlisk scored after a beautiful individual dash, netting the puck with a fast shot. Jim Tracy ended the scoring by slipping the puck into the net after a pass from McEachern.

Mechanics seemed unable to solve our offence, and would certainly have been beaten by a much larger score were it not for the superb work of Arnold in the Mechanics goal. Jerry Moore went through the game almost wholly untroubled, being called upon to turn aside only three easy shots.

* * *

LATIN 0—ENGLISH 0

Winding up a very successful season, the Latin School hockey team played a scoreless tie with English High School

on Thursday, February 23rd, at the Arena. In the race for the championship of the Boston High School League, our team finished sharing the top berth with English and Dorchester.

The game, easily one of the best of the season, was replete with thrills, furnished mainly by Raddy Hughes of English and Red Hunt, peppery defence man of our sextet. Hughes, in combination with Sahagian, had two beautiful chances to score in the first period, but Jerry Moore turned his shots aside with miraculous saves. Jerry, playing his last game for Latin School, proved himself a big cog in our machine by playing the greatest game of his career.

The second period was almost an exact replica of the first with the exception that Latin School showed an increase in offensive power. The attack, led principally by Red Hunt, stormed the English goal throughout the period. Latin came within inches of scoring when Paul McEachern came down the ice and hit one of the uprights of the net with a beautiful shot which the English goalie couldn't touch. With a little more luck, Latin would have walked off with the game and the championship. Much of the credit for the good showing of the team should be given to Campana, Talbot, Crimlisk, Doyle, and Chase, who proved themselves worthy substitutes when the first team was resting.

Our team made a remarkable record this year, losing but one game. Captain Shine and Jim Tracy were well up with the leading scorers of the league, while Jerry Moore was only scored on three times by City League Teams. This latter fact shows not only Moore's prowess, but also the superlative work of the defence men, Red Hunt and Freddy Knutson.

The Summary

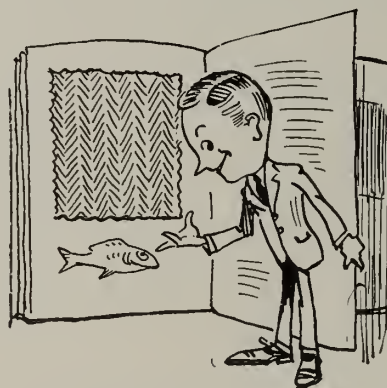
Latin School

Shine (Campana) lw.
McEachern (Talbot) c.
Tracy (Crimlisk) rw.
Hunt (Doyle) rd.
Knutson (Chase) ld.
Moore g.

English High

Shahagian rw.
Hughes c.
Harrington (Lyons) lw.
Downes ld.
Gale rd.
Devine g.

Score: Latin, 0 English 0. Referees Lynch and Noonan.—Time, two fifteen-minute periods.



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He: "See that man over there? He's a bombastic, asinine individual, a vacuous nonentity, a conceited ignoramus, a parasite, and an encumbrance to the earth."

She: "Would you mind writing that down? You see, he's my husband, and I should like to use it on him sometimes."

* * *

Busy Father: "First, realize my time is short. Secondly, say what you want. Thirdly, be short."

Spendthrift Son: "First, I do. Secondly, I shall. Thirdly, I am."

* * *

'28: "Have you read Sherwood Anderson's *Notebook*?"

'29: "No; but I passed anyway."

* * *

Bookkeeping can easily be learned at home. All you need to do is to refuse to lend your volumes.

* * *

Sympathetic Friend: "What's the matter with your thumb?"

Victim: "I hit the wrong nail."

"That fellow's a potential champion."
"I didn't know they played that any more."

* * *

Waiter: "A roast turkey, sir?"
Editor (absently): "No, I can't use it just now—my space is very limited to-day."

* * *

His face was heavy and bloated. He stood clasping a long, bright and sharp knife in his hand. The girl was ethereal in her delicate fairy-like beauty.

"Have you no heart?" she said gently.
The man's fingers tightened on his weapon.

She sighed. "Then I suppose I shall have to take liver. Half a pound, please."

* * *

A man, mean as he is wealthy, met his doctor, and said, "I'm on my way home, Dr. Smith, and I feel very seedy and worn out generally. What ought I to take?"

"A taxi," came the reply.

Bill wrote the following note to his dear one:

"Sweetness, apple of my eye, I would do anything for you; swim the Atlantic, go through fire for you, and would face the most terrible storm or hurricane for your sake.

"And by the way, I'll be over tonight, if it doesn't rain."

* * *

Young Bride "I want a piece of meat without any gristle, bone, or fat."

Butcher: "Lady, you don't want any meat—what you want is an egg!"

* * *

"Do you patronize your neighborhood laundry?" asks an ad in the trolley cars.

No, we sharpen our own collars.

* * *

"You, a Scotchman and don't play golf?"

"Na! I used to play, but I had to give it up twenty years ago."

"But why?"

"I lost my ball."

* * *

"I have a pain in my tummy, dear!"

Said the cannibal to his mate.

"I know, I know," his wife replied;

" 'Tis that sweet-grad-u-ate."

* * *

A student should know that just because he has big feet it doesn't mean he's in good standing.

* * *

I don't want to be a caveman

Nor lead a caveman's life,

But I'd rather be a caveman

Than be—a caveman's wife.

* * *

Alpha: "So you danced with Betty last night?"

Tau: "How did you know?"

Alpha: "I saw her buying a pair of slippers and a crutch this morning."

No, Dora, eating June peas has nothing to do with the formation of pods under one's eyes.

* * *

"You had no business to kiss me, Senor Don Juan."

"But, it was not a business, Marqueta. It was a pleasure."

* * *

Angry Wife: "What does this powder on your coat mean?"

Unfortunate Negative Quantity: "Trouble, my dear, trouble."

* * *

"How did you know your girl's house is just a stone's throw from the bridge?"

"I tried it."

"What luck?"

"Rotten, I hit her dad."

* * *

Son (nervously): "After all, Dad, the real thing in college is the social atmosphere. The real values lie in the social opportunities and—"

Dad (taking out check-book): "What did you flunk in this time?"

—*Brown Jug*

* * *

1926: "Did you see that movie called 'Oliver Twist'?"

1929: "Yes, and wouldn't that make a peach of a book, though?"

* * *

1910: "You are always behind in your studies."

1926: "Well, you see, sir, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

* * *

Prof: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

'26: "No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."

* * *

"Is this pre-war stuff?"

"Yes, sir. It's always followed by a fight."

—*Life*

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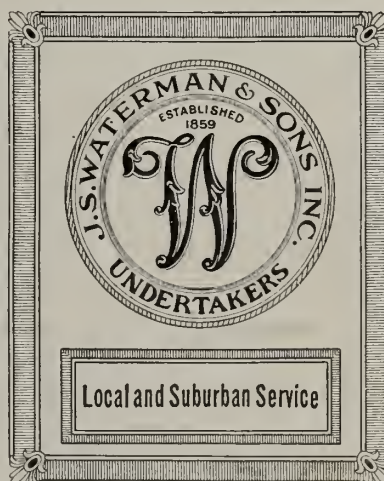
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